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FROM

Louise M. Taylor













M E M O I R

OF

A S A H E L G R A N T, M. D.,

MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS.

COMPILED,

AT THE REQUEST OF HIS MOTHER,

(MRS. RACHEL GRANT,)

BY

REV. A. C. LATHROP.

CONTAINING, ALSO,

AN APPEAL TO PIOUS PHYSICIANS,

BY DR. GRANT.

NEW-YORK:

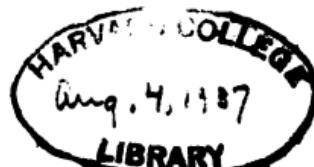
M. W. D O D D ,

BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL, OPPOSITE THE PARK.

1847..

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Louise M. Taylor

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## P R E F A C E.

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THIS volume is submitted to the public with great deference. It is compiled by one who had no prior experience in such a difficult and responsible task.

As there seemed to be no one disposed to undertake it who enjoyed the advantages of experience—as there were frequent inquiries urged and strong anxieties expressed for such a work—and as the compiler had in his hands, what he deemed, sufficient materials for it, he, with trembling solicitude, entered upon it.

The mother of Dr. Grant has designed, in her humble labors in getting up this work, to meet the demands of many kind friends who have urged her to undertake it—to make it the means of instruction especially to the rising generation—and *the memento of her affection to her dearly beloved, but departed son*. She drew a brief outline of the memoir; and the compiler, under her eye, and by her advice and consent, has filled it up. He has done this under very unfavorable circumstances—during the weary period of convalescence from a severe illness, and the pressure of domestic cares and pastoral labors. But as this memoir consists mostly of the rich productions of the fruitful pen of Dr. Grant, it is with

greater confidence commended, not to the critic, but to a generous, Christian public.

There could have been easily accumulated a much greater amount of matter in the form of charming letters written by Dr. Grant, but it would have swelled this volume far beyond the proposed limits.

His "Appeal to Pious Physicians" is republished in the conclusion of this volume, because of the importance of the subject, the ability with which it is handled, and because there was published but a small edition, which has been long ago exhausted, and the work is now in its original state scarcely to be found.

It is hoped that this volume will be instrumental in promoting the cause of missions, by awakening many to consider their responsibilities to God and a perishing world—by constraining Christians to give of their means more liberally, as God hath prospered them—and by leading many a young Christian to consecrate himself to the work of preaching Christ to the nations. It is designed by the compiler to devote the profits arising from the sale of this work, if any, to the blessed MISSIONARY CAUSE.

## MEMOIR OF DR. GRANT.

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THE record of the lives of those eminent for piety and usefulness, has ever been full of interest and instruction. The biographies of great and good men are usually filled with the relation of facts and circumstances, that reveal *the secret* of their greatness and goodness, which all interested are anxious to know. The lives of persons of note are full of pleasing, interesting, varied and thrilling incidents, which are worthy of remembrance and record. The biography of any great man of world-wide fame, is usually sought after with great eagerness by the reading public ; and the character and course of such an one exerts a mighty influence on all who form acquaintance with it. It is on account of this influence, for good or evil, that so many biographies have been written. It is sometimes the case, that the history of a very *bad* man will produce a *good* influence, especially when his evil conduct, and its inevitably awful consequences are plainly pointed out ; his history looms up like a monument of divine wrath ; it becomes a beacon of warning from the ways of sin and sorrow. But

there is reason to fear, that the narration of the lives of pirates, robbers, murderers, and military heroes, furnishes food to the evil passions of a corrupt heart, and schools the reckless mind of many a daring youth to go and do likewise. On the other hand, the life of a great and good man, replete with holy heroism, with adventure and suffering in a good cause, with self-denial, and daring deeds of apostolic piety, must exert no other than a holy influence upon all who form an acquaintance with it.

The wisdom which is from above is manifest in the records of divine revelation, which narrate the history of a multitude of ancient worthies, who wrought wonders, endured trials, and through many tribulations entered into life. The faith and faithfulness of Abraham, the father of the faithful,—the purity of Joseph,—the meekness of Moses,—the piety of Miriam and Ruth,—the patience of Job,—the devotion of David,—the decision of Daniel,—the perseverance of Paul,—the loveliness, the gentleness, and warm-heartedness of John the beloved disciple, the inspired apostle and revelator of the Apocalypse,—and above all, the perfect heavenliness of the character of our Lord Jesus Christ, have been graciously influential in leading many a soul in the ways of holiness and heaven.

We trust that the lives of Christian confessors, martyrs and missionaries, have also inspired many

a noble-hearted youth with a desire and determination to imitate their examples, and walk in their footsteps. Many who have devoted themselves to the cause of missions, who have taken their lives in their hands, and gone to benighted heathen lands, were influenced under God to this self-denying work by reading the lives of missionaries, who have toiled and died in the cause of Christ for the salvation of men.

If such be the influence of Christian biography, it is well that the lives of the great and good be had in everlasting remembrance on earth. Such remembrance they have in heaven. Why shall they not have an enduring monument in this world, where their good works and labors of love may follow them in a powerful, salutary influence, when they rest from their labors and trials in the blessedness of those that die in the Lord ?

The names and deeds of ambitious, cruel, and bloody heroes shall perish with themselves; while those of the despised, and suffering saints of God shall live in the memories and hearts and lives of those who come after them. God hath said "the memory of the wicked shall rot," while that of "the just is blessed" for ever. The world is full of books narrating the lives of men who slumber in the tomb. We should be thankful that there are so many good ones, though we have reason to fear they do not equal the number of those that are evil. As biographies are popular, they are multi-

plied. That which gives charm to novels, romances, and all works of fiction, to a great extent, is the biographical character that is given to them, dressed up in all the attractions of eloquence, beautiful scenery and thrilling incident. But "truth is stranger than fiction;" it possesses greater attraction and influence, because of its reality. When truth portrays in proper colors the character and life of a good man, his goodness will work like leaven, to enliven and purify the hearts of men. The subject of this memoir was well known, much loved, and is still remembered, with interest. On this account and others, that might be named, this work is published. A narrative of his life has been inquired after and called for. As his interesting mission was crushed in the bud, little but his eminently Christian example is left behind him to bless the world.

Asahel Grant, M. D., missionary to the Nestorians of Persia, son of William and Rachel Grant, was born in the town of Paris (now Marshall), Oneida county, N. Y., August 19th, 1809. His parents were born and bred in Litchfield county, Conn., and there, while young, professed religion. His father was eminently a man of prayer. While the church and its interests lay near his heart, and were constantly the objects of his most earnest supplications before the throne of grace, it is believed he never failed to pray for his children daily, as he knelt with them around the family

altar, while they dwelt with him under the parental roof.

He gave them every opportunity of religious instruction in his power, and before his departure from this life, he was permitted to rejoice in the hope of meeting all of them, but one, in another and better world. He lived to see four of his dear children laid in the cold and silent tomb.

Asahel, the subject of this memoir, was the second son, in the family of eight children. He was very amiable and pleasant in childhood, being endowed by nature with a peculiarly sweet disposition. When he was about two years old, his mother had a severe struggle to subdue his will.

When he yielded, it was once for aye ; he ever after exhibited the sweet spirit of submission to parental authority. He required no more than a look or a word to induce him to render the most implicit obedience. He was remarkably kind and obliging to his parents, brothers and sisters ; indeed to all.

During their early childhood, their mother used frequently to take the children aside, converse and pray with them. At these seasons, his mind seemed very tender, and ever ready to receive instruction. Thus early were the seeds sown in his heart, which, in after life, produced so abundant and rich a harvest ; for he himself testified just before his death that the impressions early made, ever followed him.

The little sums of money, given him by his friends, from time to time, he carefully saved, until he was about seven years of age, when he purchased a number of vials, filled them with some liquid, and neatly stored them away in a drawer, before the family were aware of it. He thus early manifested a predilection for the profession which he afterwards illustrated and honored by his skill and success.

He was taught the elementary branches of education in a district school, where he acquired a good common education.

Being now about ten years of age, and passionately fond of his books, he would employ his evenings over some interesting author, while his fellow-youth were engaged in their various sports. His mother, gratified at observing his taste for reading, offered him a small sum of money, to induce him to spend all his leisure hours during the winter, in reading and study. With great pleasure he complied with the wishes of his dear mother, for he seemed very fond of his books. The works which he most delighted to read, were historical, scientific and miscellaneous, and in these his researches were extensive for one of his years and opportunities. He has often remarked that this habit of early reading was in after life of great use to him. While assisting his father on the farm he would spend all his resting hours in his chamber, where he kept his books and writing desk ; and many were the

happy hours he there spent in reading and writing. His temper was naturally quick, but after he was about twelve years old, it seemed to be entirely under his control. In illustration of this, the following amusing incident, selected from many that might be adduced, is here related. One day, while engaged in play with his youthful associates, some trivial offence excited his temper, and he was provoked to revenge himself on his offenders.

He picked up a stone to throw at one of them, but no sooner was his hand raised, than the stone fell by his side; all his passion, in a moment, had subsided. He was ready to forgive.

Thus he ever controlled his temper, until the severest perplexities and trials were borne with exemplary patience and lamblike endurance.

When about twelve years of age, he accidentally inflicted a very severe wound in one of his feet with an axe, while at work in the woods.

This occasioned such an effusion of blood, that his friends almost despaired of his life. This unfortunate circumstance somewhat injured his constitution, so that it was considered inexpedient for him to think of being a farmer; and as he frequently expressed his desire to study medicine, his parents gave their consent that he might enter the profession of his choice. Had it not been for this misfortune of the son, his father probably would not have consented to his leaving the farm for the medical profession.

The providence of God may be seen in this affliction, bringing good out of evil, that he might prepare himself for the great and responsible work before him. Dr. Grant in all human probability would never have been a Christian missionary in distant and benighted lands, if this unfortunate casualty had never befallen him.

He spent two or three terms at an academy, and one at college in the study especially of chemical science. When sixteen years of age, he was employed as a teacher in a district school, where he acquitted himself with honor, and maintained his dignity as a man of riper years. He again resumed his academical studies, at the close of which he commenced his medical studies in the office of Dr. Hastings, of Clinton, Oneida county, attending the usual lectures at the Fairfield and Pittsfield Medical Colleges. Near the close of his studies, he spent about a year with Dr. Douglass, then an eminent surgeon in the city of Utica.

Thus it is seen, that while he enjoyed excellent advantages for a finished medical education, he was not, what is termed *liberally educated*, in a regular course of study and graduation at college; though it is believed he attained an education equivalent to it, by his habits of constant and close application, industry and perseverance, from childhood to manhood.

But he had not yet, with all his education, learned Christ, by an experimental knowledge of

the gospel. He, like others of his years, was fond of gay company, and worldly amusements. Though he was an amiable, moral young man, he was far from the holiness which the gospel requires, and “without which no man can see the Lord.” At the age of nineteen, he was deeply convicted of sin before the God of immaculate holiness, and it is hoped, felt his need of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. After a season of heart searchings, importunate prayers and many tears, he gave indubitable evidence, that he was truly born again. At that time his views and feelings were much changed. He seemed very desirous that others might know the peace and joy he found in believing, and embraced frequent opportunities to persuade his former associates to embrace the dear Saviour with him. He loved the house of divine worship, and communion with the people of God. The closet and the Bible were especially very precious to him, affording him the purest mediums for sweet and direct intercourse with his Saviour, by the revealed word and secret prayer. Ever after, he showed increasing anxieties for the enlargement and advancement of the Saviour’s kingdom. When his hope in Christ was confirmed, he united with the Congregational church in Clinton. At the age of twenty he was married to Miss Electa S. Loomis, of Torrington, Connecticut, to whom he was very ardently attached. She was worthy of that attachment. Possessed of personal beauty, an amiable

temper, having enjoyed and improved the advantages for a good education, and being evidently a very devoted Christian, she was every way suited to be his companion. It is believed that she was instrumental of his being awakened to a sense of his lost condition as a sinner against God, and of his conversion to Christ. But, though they lived together in the high enjoyment of domestic happiness, that ever blesses a pious house, a Christian family, they were not destined to this enjoyment long. She died of typhus fever, about four years after the time of their marriage, leaving two sons, the youngest only five months old. Four days after she was taken ill of her last fatal sickness, Dr. Grant was prostrated with bilious fever, and the prospects of his recovery were not very flattering, when his almost idolized companion was borne to the dark and silent tomb. It might have been previously stated, that at the age of twenty-one, he received his diploma, removed one hundred and thirty miles south, established himself in his profession, and commenced practice in Braintrim, Pennsylvania.

When his distant parents received the sad intelligence of the illness of their children, they were deeply moved with anxiety for them. The mother of Dr. Grant hastened to them to administer to their wants, to watch over and comfort them. Mrs. Grant had been dead some days, when the mother arrived. After staying some weeks during the time of his convalescence she returned home with

the motherless babe, and nursed it as her own child. After his recovery, Dr. Grant made immediate arrangements to leave his new, once delightful, but now hapless home ; he settled his accounts with patrons, disposed of his property, and returned with his other little son to the house of his dear parents —the home of his happy childhood. Deeply did he mourn, with many tears, the loss of her who was the dearest object of earthly love. But he submitted without a word of complaint at this severely afflictive dispensation of a mysterious, an inscrutable Providence. This grievous affliction awakened spiritual emotions and affections into active exercise, and they yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness, humility, submission, and love. This first severe affliction of his eventful and checkered life was evidently sanctified to his spiritual good. The conviction seemed fully to fasten itself upon his mind that the dearest objects of his earthly affections were secured to him by a very frail and uncertain tenure ; and he apparently felt the importance of setting his heart on spiritual and heavenly treasures. Then did he consecrate himself anew and more entirely to a life of humble piety, self-denial, and activity in promoting the cause of Christ in this sinful, miserable, and dying world.

This was not an ephemeral or evanescent feeling. To the end of his days it continually seemed to pervade his mind. Naturally serious and retiring, his noble countenance wore an aspect, not

of melancholy, but of deep, calm, grave thoughtfulness, ever submissive to heart-rending afflictions of which he was keenly and continually sensible. This spirit gave a peculiar charm to his conversation and public addresses. It pervades all his letters and writings. It gave dignity to his whole demeanor, so that even haughty and murderous Koords were awed into respect and reverence in his presence. But most of all, this was the fountain of his eminent piety, his activity and usefulness.

The following beautiful and touching lines, are expressive of the feelings that ever after seemed to characterize him.

“ How vain is all beneath the skies !  
How transient every earthly bliss !  
How slender all the fondest ties,  
That bind us to a world like this !

The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—  
The glory of a passing hour.  
But though earth’s fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a land whose confines lie  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come,  
Dispel our cares and chase our fears ;  
If God be ours, we’re travelling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.”

He remained at the home of his parentage for a

few weeks. He commenced practice again, under favorable circumstances, in the city of Utica, and entered into copartnership with an experienced physician. Here he exerted himself, with skillful zeal, for the good of the soul as well as the body.

The following is a letter from Rev. Dr. Aikin, formerly pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Utica. It contains a very interesting narrative of Dr. Grant's pious efforts while there.

Cleveland, Oct. 30th, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—If I rightly remember, my first acquaintance with Dr. Grant was in 1829. At that time he came to Utica and entered upon his profession. He soon made himself known to me, as the pastor of the church he attended, and also to others, by his constant presence in the house of God, and especially at prayer-meetings, in which he soon took a leading part. His practice at first as a physician, and indeed for some time, was mostly among the poor, and of course his compensation was small. But his unwearied attention to both soul and body, connected with very considerable skill and success, soon brought him into notice among the higher classes of society. Especially was this the case during the cholera. Never was a man more active than he was in that memorable visitation of Providence, until he was arrested and laid upon a sick bed. I well remember the hour when he gave up. It was in a house where all were sick, and where

the father and a lovely daughter were both in the agonies of death. While passing from one room to another, I found the Doctor sitting at the kitchen fire supporting his head by his hands. It was an awful moment. I saw at once that the disease was upon him, and yet it was with difficulty I could persuade him to retire and take care of himself. His compassion for others, no less than his fortitude and wonderful power of endurance, which seemed never to relax, would sometimes carry him beyond his strength, and perhaps beyond his duty. But he felt, at that time, that he was emphatically called upon to attend the poor, and that no personal sacrifice must be spared in fulfilling his commission.

The time when Dr. Grant was elected an elder in my church, the records will show. Owing to his modesty, to a sense of unworthiness, and to his comparative youthfulness, he was with difficulty persuaded to accept the office unanimously tendered him. But the choice was judicious, and most fortunate for the church. He was both popular and useful. Though young, he was wise in council; and so consistent was his daily walk, so devoted in visiting, so affectionate yet faithful in giving instruction, advice and reproof, that he soon secured the entire love and confidence, not only of Christians, but of unbelievers. He was "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." Every one was ready to admit him to be a true Christian.

It was with great reluctance the church in Utica parted with him to go on a mission. Not a few of its pious members felt the loss to be irreparable, and well they might; for it is seldom a church is blessed with such an officer—a man of such faith and prayer and good works. Too many of our elders, at the present day, are good for nothing, unless it be occasionally to attend a meeting of session. But this is but a small part of their duty. The Doctor regarded the office as the solemn investiture of a mortal with great responsibility, to be active and faithful in the vineyard of the Lord—to be an example to the flock—to co-operate with the pastor in active labor—an investiture demanding the entire consecration of time and talents to Christ. Oh, if the church had more such officers, her condition would be different from what it is!

Our friend was remarkably useful in revivals. He had a happy talent in conversing on the subject of religion; and his daily life was such as to enforce the truth and convince all of his sincerity. But the secret of his usefulness in winning souls, was the spirit of Christ dwelling in him. We have reason to believe that his body was the temple of the Holy Ghost. Hence the power that sometimes attended his labors. I loved to have him in a meeting of inquiry. He was still and solemn, and exceedingly happy in answering objections and removing difficulties. In this respect, but few knew his worth, and in other useful qualities he

was not generally known or appreciated as he would have been, had it not been for his retiring, unassuming and quiet manner.

Dr. Grant early became a teacher in the Sabbath school. In this capacity, I know of nothing for which he was distinguished, unless it was punctuality in attendance and fidelity in imparting instruction. He was seldom absent from his class or from the house of God. By some means, he contrived to visit his patients, without neglecting his appropriate duty as a Christian and Sabbath school teacher. The reason was, he acted from principle and by system. His duties for the day were all arranged in the morning, and each one, as it came up, naturally fell into its proper place. Consequently he was never in a hurry, nor was he obliged to neglect one to perform another.

It would be easy to enumerate other traits in this excellent man which are worthy of remembrance. His character while in Utica was not so fully developed as it afterward was in the missionary field. There he exhibited qualities of mind and heart, which I knew he possessed, but not in so great a degree as he has evinced to the world. His race was rapid but glorious, and I doubt not but he will be found in the day of judgment among those who "have turned many to righteousness, and who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Very respectfully yours,  
S. C. AIKIN.

REV. A. C. LATHROP.

About a year and a half after his settlement in Utica, the character of his partner in business was discovered, to the great surprise and grief of many, to have become very corrupt, and he was obliged to leave the city. A large and extensive practice was left to Dr. Grant, in which he was very much prospered.

In 1834 the American Board held their annual meeting in the city of Utica. An inquiry, originating with the Board, had gone out through the length and breadth of the land, for a suitable physician to engage in the Nestorian mission. None as yet had been found; the Board were then more in want of men than money.

At this time it began to be impressed upon his mind that it was his duty to offer himself to the Board, to be employed, at their discretion, in the missionary work. The following letter shows the exercises of his mind, and the motives that induced him to consecrate himself to the self-denying labors of a missionary life.

Utica, Nov. 8th, 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I wish to call your thoughts to bear upon the danger of our judgment being biased by suffering our attachments to our friends and worldly interests to share too largely in the motives which determine the path we ought to pursue, in order to do most for the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom—to glorify Him in saving souls for whom

he died. If this is the all-important, the appropriate business of life, then ought we not to bring every thing else in subserviency to it? Ought we not, regardless of our own feelings, to lay aside every thing which would hinder a faithful discharge of duty? Is any sacrifice too dear to make for him who sacrificed his life for us? I know too well, that keen and lacerating will be the trial of our separation (if so it prove), but oh! how soon shall we meet again if at last it can be said of us, "Well done, good and faithful servants," and then, oh then! shall we regret these trials? Shall we regret any sufferings we may be called to endure for him who suffered on Calvary? Are we called thus to suffer? Look at the millions on millions of priceless souls going down to eternal death, and then say, if there must not be suffering. Do you point to the opportunities of usefulness all around me? But where am I most needed? As a physician, I cannot be very much needed, where there are already so many. As a Christian, I am not needed for the same reason; for although I find enough to do, others would do the same work if I were out of the way. I might, if prospered, support myself and family, and give a good deal to support other missionaries; but men are more needed than money. For a whole year the Board have been trying to find a physician to send to Persia, and should they succeed, there are other places where they are much needed. While Mr. Eddy, their agent in this

state, said to me a few days since, that they could obtain means to send out and support two hundred new missionaries, if they could obtain suitable men, —Who will go? How shall I wish I had decided when I meet an assembled universe at the bar of God? Shall I not wish that I had carried a little of the bread of life to famished souls that shall meet me there? What though I remain here, and heap together the gold and silver, and enjoy the honors and pleasures of the world? Will it be worth as much, a hundred years hence, as those durable riches and unfading honors which are laid up for those who through much tribulation have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb? I have already written more than I intended, but have not said half I wished to say.

Dear mother, I do not wish to act under the influence of a misguided zeal. I am sensible of the need of counsel from on high; and I hope you will ask it there for me. Oh! let us be much in prayer! It is the Christian's only safety. God can give us wisdom, and guide us by his Spirit. But let us see to it, that we make our decisions in view of their bearings upon the interests of eternity. I have solemnly vowed, in the presence of men and angels, that I will consecrate myself and all I have to the Lord, and I dare not go from that altar, to stand impeached before an assembled world of having been an unfaithful steward, of having loved the world more than God—more than the souls of my dying fellow-men.

I trust that while you would look at this subject and examine it calmly and deliberately, you will throw no obstacles and discouragements in the way of the path of duty. For counsel I shall ever be grateful, and while God has the first claim upon my affections and my worthless services, I shall never cease to feel my obligations to my parents. I think of them more and more. I pray Heaven to reward them for services which I can never repay.

From your affectionate son,

ASAHEL GRANT.

Who would not have said to him, even though the sad events that have occurred in connection with his labors could have been foreseen, who would not have given him God speed to the missionary work for which his spirit burned, and to which he was urged at the time in the following touching verses ?

Go where Persian flocks are feeding,  
On the proud Euphrates' side—  
Go where souls for light are pleading,  
Of the lamp of life denied !

Hear their cry "*for help*" prevailing  
Over mountain, vale, and wave,  
Full of agony and wailing:  
Haste these dying souls to save !

See Nestorians lowly bending  
O'er the soulless idol form ;  
And the graceless Priest pretending  
To avert God's wrathful storm !

Zion ! send to every nation  
Heralds of the Prince of Peace :  
Spread the knowledge of Salvation,  
Until sin and sorrow cease.

The letter which succeeds was written to his dear and only surviving sister, in which he pours out the feelings of his burdened heart, showing what a struggle he had with his affections for his kindred, his convictions of duty, and his anxieties to labor for the salvation of benighted man.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Utica, November 8th, 1834.

VERY DEAR SISTER MARY,— . . . I know full well that, with all your attachment to your friends, that you have not been an uninterested observer of the wants of a perishing world. But O how little *have I been affected* by the condition of millions of our fellow-men, upon whom the glorious light of the gospel has never shone, and who are bound by the strong chains of the prince of darkness ! It seems as though my contemplations in regard to them have been a dream. But when stern realities pour their unbroken beams of light upon my vision, and the solemn judgment, and the retribution of an awful eternity break upon my view, I begin to think of the worth of the soul, and all its undying destinies. I think of a heaven of glory, and the songs of the redeemed ; and a hell of despair, and the wailings of the damned ; and in their ceaseless duration, and in the price of the Saviour's suffer-

ings, and a Saviour's blood, I try to compute the value of a single soul ! Lost in the estimate, my thoughts turn to more than twenty millions of these priceless souls *every year* sinking to a hopeless grave. Yes, *two millions every month !* Who shall answer for them ? Is there not a solemn and awful responsibility resting somewhere, in regard to this matter ? The Captain of our salvation has prepared the way, and will he not hold his followers accountable, if they refuse to come up to his help ?

Who then shall go ? Shall I say, "Here am I, send me !" Do you answer, "Let those go who have less to do at home ?" But where are they ? How few in comparison to the wants of a *world* are ready to go ! It has been estimated that the present ratio of effort would require *twenty thousand years* for the conversion of the world. Without stopping to examine the correctness of this estimate, does not the conviction force itself upon the mind, that something more must be done—that more laborers must go forth into this wide field already white to the harvest ? *Is it my duty to go ?* This is a solemn question, and will meet me at the judgment seat !

I feel that I need wisdom from on high to decide. My decision should be made in view of eternity. What, then, is duty ? Perhaps you say, It is your duty to take care of the children whom God has committed to your charge. It is equally clear

to my own mind, that unless they can be provided with every reasonable prospect of being trained up for usefulness, that I ought not to leave them. But should God enable me to provide a home and facilities for a suitable religious education ; in a word, all requisite means to prepare them for usefulness (which should be the grand object in view), may he not have other work for me to do ? Those missionaries who have gone out have to send their children home, and where is the essential difference ? Those who send them home, have not the same opportunity to see to the provision for them.

But as this is an embarrassing and very important question, let us look at it in its probable influence upon the moral feelings and Christian character of the child.

As he thinks of his father, will he not think of God too ? As his attention is so often turned to the heathen, will not their wants affect him, especially as he thinks of his father as having gone to administer to those wants ? Will he not feel the claims of God more ? and will there not especially be more fervent prayer offered for him, both by his friends and the church of Christ ? And with a consciousness of having left them at the Saviour's call, may I not commit them with entire confidence to His care ?

It is trying, indeed, to think of taking a final leave of those friends, around whom the fibres of the heart have clung so closely—but shall we re-

gret it on a dying bed ? What though I never more on earth shall meet the warm embrace of father, mother, sister or brother—what though I suffer fatigue and privation, and all the cruelties of the unfeeling savage ; and meet every species of danger, and find a grave among strangers ? Will our meeting be less happy in the upper world ? Oh, will not our notes of praise sound louder and longer, as we bless God, that he has permitted us the privilege of suffering for him ? O pray for me, that the Holy Spirit may teach me what I shall do ! I shall see you soon.

Yours,

A. GRANT.

Thus was the mind of this good man exercised in view of his peculiar circumstances and responsibilities, as to his entering upon the missionary work.

After much deliberation, he proposed to undertake the arduous task. The Board welcomed him to the work, accepted his proposal, and he was in course of preparation during the ensuing winter. He was married, April 6th, 1835, to Miss Judith S. Campbell, adopted daughter of Dr. William Campbell, of Cherry Valley, New-York.

As her Memoirs have been published and passed through various editions, it is unnecessary here to speak of her fitness to be the companion in missionary labors with Dr. Grant. It is there stated

that probably no female missionary was ever better qualified for the work than Mrs. Grant. She had been trained up from infancy for it, and from the time of her conversion had ardently desired to enter upon it. She had been proposed to the Board and accepted as a candidate for the missionary field, to go forth when a fit opportunity should present itself. Soon a kind Providence favored her designs, and set the seal of approbation to her determination, as the following extract from one of her numerous letters, written to her brother, now in the ministry, will show.

Cherry Valley, March 10th, 1835.

. . . . . You know, dear brother, how much I have thought about being a missionary—how much I have desired and prayed to know what was my duty with regard to this matter. Hitherto the way has seemed dark and hedged up—but a door is opened, and I am about to enter it. Yes, my dear, *dear* brother, I expect soon to leave these long-loved, familiar scenes, for distant lands. I expect to depart ere long for Persia. I shall go in company with Dr. A. Grant, of Utica, recently appointed by the A. B. C. F. Missions, missionary physician to the Nestorians of Ooroomiah. The interesting ceremony that unites me with Dr. Grant will take place on Monday, April 6th. . . . Pa feels very, *very* much about my going. Still he does not oppose. When I look at the importance

of the enterprise—its bearing upon the interests of the Redeemer—I am dismayed at the consideration of my own weakness and insufficiency. But I trust “my hope is in God.” “In Jehovah *alone* is everlasting strength.” “In Him all fullness dwells.”

. . . . Dr. Grant left us on Monday morning.  
. . . . I wish I could afford you an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him (for I am *sure* you would like him). He has been an elder in Mr. Aikin’s church three or four years, and bears the character of *an eminent and devoted Christian*.

I remain, as ever, your affectionate sister,

JUDITH S. CAMPBELL.

Their attachment was mutual, and Dr. Grant found her a helpmeet to him in missionary labors, as his subsequent correspondence will show.

Few, if any, have made a greater sacrifice in promoting the Redeemer’s kingdom than Dr. Grant. His brilliant talents, his popularity as a man and physician, and his prospects for accumulating wealth, would have placed him in a position to be envied by men of ambitious and worldly minds. He had a fair prospect of becoming eminent in his profession, on account of his assiduity, skill, and success. When it became known that he was disposed to devote himself to the missionary work, his numerous friends gathered around him, and besought him to relinquish for ever the idea. Many were the earnest entreaties and tears to induce him to

spend his days in the midst of the sweet associations of friendship and affection. But his heart was too deeply imbued with love to God and the souls of benighted dying men, groping their way in moral darkness for want of the light of life, and famishing for lack of the bread which cometh down from heaven, and the water of life.

Truly was he fond of the pleasures of social intercourse with near and dear and numerous friends ; he was grateful for all their kindness, their good wishes and anxieties on his account. He listened to all their earnest tearful entreaties with deep emotion ; and could he have felt it consistent with his duty to God and his fellow-men, he would have certainly relinquished the idea of being a missionary to distant lands, and remained at home in his dear native country, and in the sweet society of his friends.

But at the call of his Saviour, in the indications of an all-wise and merciful Providence, in which he heard the loud Macedonian cry for help booming over the ocean wave, he left all to follow Christ in the work of saving perishing men. He left a lucrative profession—he left cherished friends and beloved relatives, of which he had many—he left the sweet home of his childhood, where dwelt his father, mother, sister, and brother—he left dear children, precious to him as his own soul—he left every object and scene of long-cherished affection—he left all for the self-denying toils and trials of missionary

life. In doing this, he had conflicts with his tenderest feelings that cost him many tears,—but his severest struggle was in parting with his two interesting little sons: for he was a very fond father. But at the imperative call of duty, he severed the strongest cords which bound him to the land of his nativity, his home and kindred; and while his heart bled at every pore, in Christ he found the sweetest balm of consolation to his troubled breast. Yes! for him in such trying circumstances, there was abundant balm in Gilead, and a Physician there!

After spending a few weeks in completing their preparations to leave their native land, as though departing to another world never to return, Dr. and Mrs. Grant bade a final adieu to their homes and friends, and set out on their long and weary pilgrimage near the close of the month of their marriage. The following lines were written, at Utica, by the brother of Mrs. Grant, when he bade them

**A LAST ADIEU.**

Dear Brother—Sister—we *did* say farewell,  
With trembling lip and tearful eye, the day  
We parted; the faltering accents fell  
Upon our ears with sad solemnity.  
Time is on rapid wing, and who can tell  
*When* and *where* we meet again! Eternity  
Is ever near! Oh! could we ever dwell  
Upon the sweetest spot of earth, our bliss  
Could not be, as in the *Land of Blessedness*!  
Farewell!—alas! a melancholy spell  
Broods o'er my spirit as I say *Farewell*!

The following letter indicates something of the trials they experienced in parting with their friends, the impressions which these farewells left on their minds, and the arm they leaned upon for support. It is dated

Albany, April 28th, 1835.

MY DEAR FATHER,—We yesterday received a letter calling us immediately to Boston, to be ready to sail on the 6th or 7th of May. We hope to be in Boston on Thursday.

Trying as the scenes have been in parting with our dear, *dear* friends, we have been sustained by the unfailing grace of God. I trust that the trial will be sanctified to us all. I trust we shall not be forgotten at the throne of grace. Our hope is in God. May we live near to him, and be guided by his spirit.

Your very affectionate son,

In much haste,

ASAHEL GRANT.

They proceeded immediately to Boston. The vessel did not sail as soon as anticipated, but they were so busy in their preparations, that Dr. Grant found no time to write to his friends at home, except the following brief epistle :—

Boston, May 11th, 1835.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I hoped to have written a long letter from this place, but in one hour we shall be upon the mighty deep.

We are quite well and **HAPPY**—had a very pleasant journey via New-York, and have been constantly employed in preparation—have a pleasant vessel, the *Angola*.

*Farewell*, may the Lord be with us.

Your affectionate son,

ASAHEL GRANT.

The following lines were composed at the time of their departure, entitled

#### MISSIONARY FAREWELL.

Adieu, my *native land*, adieu !  
I leave thy surf-beat shore,  
And those loved scenes my childhood knew,  
To visit them no more !  
I go in distant lands to dwell—  
Beloved native land, farewell !

I never may return to thee,  
*Sweet home* I dearly love :  
But is there not prepared for me  
A sweeter home above ?  
A while in distant lands I dwell—  
Delightful earthly home, farewell !

Adieu, my *cherished friends*, adieu !  
I will not check the tear  
That glistens on my cheek for you,  
Who are to me so dear !  
While far in distant lands I dwell,  
Remember me, dear friends—farewell !

My native land, and home, and friends,  
I now must part with you,  
For God the missionary sends,  
And He hath bid me " Go."  
I go in Persian climes to dwell,  
*Dear native land, home, friends—FAREWELL.*

They embarked at Boston in the brig *Angola*, May 11th, 1835, bound for Smyrna, bearing letters of introduction to the missionaries there, from Mr. Van Lennep, then a student in Amherst College, since a missionary to the East, and son-in-law of Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, Conn. He was born in Smyrna, and became pious while in this country. A Miss Williams, from East Hartford, Conn., accompanied them on her way to Beyroot, as teacher, to reside in the family of Rev. Eli Smith, then in charge of the Syriac mission press in that place.

They were employed during their voyage in the study of the Acts of the Apostles, in connexion with maps, and Barnes' Notes, with reference to their passage through the Mediterranean. They also devoted much time to the study of the Hebrew tongue. On the first Monday evening in June, they observed the *monthly concert* of prayer, to supplicate Heaven for the benighted nations, with the people of God in the various portions of the world.

They arrived in Smyrna June 28th—forty-eight days from Boston—a most remarkable passage. The captain observed that he had never made such

an one before. They accomplished two-thirds of the voyage on the twenty-fourth day, having had no storm, and very little unpleasant weather, or contrary winds.

From Smyrna, they embarked for Constantinople July 2d, in the steamer Maria Dorothea, a splendid Austrian boat, equal to many in America. Capt. Ford, an English gentleman in command of the steamer, treated them with marked kindness, and made them feel more like guests than passengers. They arrived at Constantinople July 4th. They found Rev. Wm. Goodell waiting to conduct them to his house. Commodore Porter had invited the few American residents at the capital to dine with him. He sent an invitation to Dr. Grant, and the ladies with him, but they did not arrive in time to accept it, says Mrs. Grant. The American flag was hoisted, and it is believed the commodore and his guests tried to feel very patriotic.

Constantinople, Aug. 1835.

MY DEAR SISTER MARY,—I intended when I wrote to our dear parents,\* to have sent you from this place, a copy of my journal;† but the variety of incident will forbid my giving more than a very hasty sketch of such as will interest a sister, who I know will sympathize with me in every thing.

\* The letter referred to was received, but has been mislaid.

† Of his journal nothing now is known. ▶

The four or five days which we spent at *Smyrna* were passed very pleasantly in the Rev. Mr. Temple's family. I should be happy could I give you an adequate description of the many interesting scenes and objects which, from their novelty, very forcibly impress the mind of a stranger.

While passing through the Greek Islands, and on entering the Gulf of *Smyrna*, the mountains every where presented the same barren aspect. But the *windmills*, which were numerous upon many of them, indicated the growth of grain, at least in the less elevated regions. Every where the prospect reminded us that we were no longer in *America*.

We looked in vain for the noble forests of our beloved country, but nowhere have we seen any thing which deserves the name, unless we except the groves of *cypress*, which spread their dark foliage over the sleeping dust of millions, who are awaiting "the sound of *the last trump*." These cemeteries are very extensive. One in the suburbs of Constantinople is three miles in length, and nearly two in breadth, and filled with engraved stones, each of which upon an average, it is said, is a representative of ten bodies! They are places of fashionable resort and every kind of amusement! The confused jargon of tongues, and motley aspect of Turk, Armenian, Jew, Greek, and twenty others, are becoming familiar, and we pass through the irregular, rough and narrow streets with much less sense of inconvenience than when we first entered

them. Even the *dogs*, which lie sleeping in every direction, would be almost forgotten during the day, did not a sudden snarling and yelling remind me that I had stept upon something softer than pavement. But in the night they join in such an inharmonious howling as makes me feel grateful that I am securely sheltered. I often think how forcible is the language of inspiration, "*without are dogs.*"

The *beggars*, like the one who "was laid at the rich man's gate," all have their particular stations, and are generally pitiable looking objects, some blind, and others afflicted with all manner of diseases. Would to God there were no worse disease preying upon the soul ! But if I have dwelt upon the dark side of the picture, it is because these features strike us most forcibly at first. There is much that is really interesting here. I mean pleasingly so, not merely in the beautiful view of the city as you approach by water, which, with its lofty minarets and domes, presents a very imposing appearance, nor in the extensive bazaars lined with goods—here a whole street filled with shoes, there with silk, drugs, &c. &c., each class having its particular bazaar, or market—but a moral, or at least an intellectual improvement has commenced, which I trust is the harbinger of better days. Besides the schools among the Armenians and Greeks, which are doing much good, there are eight Lancasterian schools among the soldiers, of whom about 5000 are receiving instruction. The *Sultan* has

introduced European (Frank) customs into his own army, and he dresses himself in a frock coat and tight pantaloons, i. e. tight in comparison with a fullness of some yards which many Turks wear. Excepting his Turkish cap and beard, his dress is not very unlike American, and this last he trims to two or three inches in length. Indeed the *beard* is much less worn than formerly, except by the priests. It adds to their dignity of aspect. You will rejoice to learn that I shall dress à la Americana, and wear no more than mustaches, and moderate whiskers. We hope to maintain our American customs and appearance in most respects even at *Ooroomiah*, and you will be happy to learn that we shall take with us knives and forks, crockery and glass ware, &c. &c. Beds and bedding we brought from America. I wish I had brought mother's plates, but we have an opportunity to buy here, at wholesale cost in London.

You would be quite surprised to see what burdens both men and beasts carry here. It is said that the Smyrna porters will carry five or six hundred pounds at once, and I have proof of the strength of those in Constantinople.

I pack our goods in large chests, which will weigh 180 lbs. each, and a single horse will carry two of them, one upon each side.

The Rev. Mr. Merrick, who is designated to an exploring mission to the Mohammedans of Persia, is here, and will accompany us to Tabreez, where

we shall join Mr. Perkins. We have just completed our preparations, and expect to leave here next week.

I have received a number of applications for medicinal aid from priests, bankers, and others, and last week we made a visit to Ortakoy, a small village on the Bosphorus, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Goodell and family, and Mrs. Grant. An Armenian banker for whom I had prescribed was so pleased with what I had done for him, that he called together all his friends who had any disease which had baffled the physicians here, for my advice ; and with the aid of Mr. Goodell, who acted as interpreter, I prescribed for eight persons before I left the village. We were treated with *coffee, pipes, sweet-meats, vishna, sherbet*, and a thousand compliments, the banker leading me around, and calling me his brother. Every thing was as neat as you can imagine, and the ladies, who were richly dressed, and of fine countenances, did us the honor to dispense with their *veils*. I have no doubt but a good pious physician might do much for the cause of Christ here.

We are now at Commodore Porter's, (our charge de affaires,) who has a delightful seat about ten miles down the Marmora, where our missionaries are spending the warm season, in the village of St. Stephens. The air is cool and delightful. We have just been to visit a Greek school, supported by the commodore. He is very friendly to the mis-

sionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler, Mr. Merrick, &c., are boarding with him. Thus far the Lord has been truly merciful—giving us blessings far beyond our hopes. Our dear brethren are truly kind, and I hope we may be filled with gratitude and faith. I have less dread of our land journey than formerly. Health and spirits good—am anxious to hear from *home!* Will not some of you write as often as once a month? Write facts, every thing: Your sister Judith joins in much love to all. Farewell, *dear sister.*

A. GRANT.

After staying at Constantinople about six weeks, they embarked in the schooner Shah for Trebizoud, and from thence in a caravan, they went overland *en route* to Kurdistan. An interesting account of their adventures will be found in the subjoined letter.

Kurdistan, Oct. 7th, 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—Knowing how anxious you will feel for my safety and welfare, I improve the first moment, after passing the reputedly dangerous part of our road, to relieve you from any apprehension: and I am happy in being permitted to record the goodness of the Lord, which has followed me all my days. I had a pleasant voyage through the Black Sea, in an English schooner of American build, and good accommodations. While at Trebizond, I became ac-

quainted with Sir Henry Ellis, English ambassador to Persia, who assured us of his influence to procure protection from the Persian government, if requisite.

After a detention of nearly three weeks on account of horses, we left there on the 11th ult., and after travelling over a mountainous region, arrived at Erzeroon on the 26th.

With the exception of three or four nights (two of which we slept in the same room with the horses and cattle), we slept in our tent, which we find a very comfortable habitation when not too wet and cold. On our way, we met Bro. Perkins, who had come from Tabreez to relieve us from the anxiety and trouble incident to travelling in this country. We are much interested in him, and think we shall find him a valuable and pleasant fellow-laborer.

Both at Trebizond and Erzeroon we found valuable friends in the English residents; and we are now under the protection of Col. Burgess, an English merchant at Tabreez. We were fellow-passengers in the Black Sea, and when he entered the vessel he was so ill that he immediately threw himself upon the deck. For some days he was quite sick; but through a kind Providence my prescriptions were blessed to a more rapid recovery than he had anticipated, and he has ever since manifested much friendship and kindness. He furnished me with valuable articles of convenience for travelling; and gave us a place in his *caravan*,

and such aid as we have needed. Owing to provocation of some officers of the Turkish government, the *Koords*, who inhabit a large region through which we have passed, had become much disturbed, and ravaged several villages in their vicinity ; and as it was not deemed entirely safe to travel without protection, Col. Burgess procured a guard from the Pasha of Erzeroon, and with additions of smaller parties who had joined him for greater security, makes quite a formidable appearance.

Conceive a train of *seven hundred horses*, and some scores of donkeys and a few camels, reaching two miles upon the road ; with armed drivers, and a mounted guard, with guns, pistols, and swords ; and you would think us secure from the attacks of any ordinary banditti. When we stop, the boxes and bales are arranged in a square so as to form a good fortification, and guards are stationed at a proper distance from each other. One tent is pitched in the centre, and we rest as securely as we should in America.

With the exception of a mountain three days this side of Erzeroon, which we passed in the night, our road has been quite comfortable, since leaving that city ; and even that passage affords cause for much gratitude as I look back upon circumstances which I am almost disposed to pass in silence, lest they should awaken unnecessary sympathy. I was a little unwell and vomited, before we started, which

was about ten o'clock at night. The moon was soon down, and our passage was slow over a road so rough that our horses often fell or threw off their loads. One of our guards had his horse roll down a steep declivity, but neither sustained serious injury. The air was very chilling, but as we had guarded ourselves well against the cold, I should have suffered nothing but drowsiness, had not my vomiting become severe, and thirst and other unpleasant symptoms arisen. These so reduced my strength, that I felt unable to proceed, and I lay down upon the ground intending to rest a few minutes, requesting my companions to proceed. It was now about three o'clock in the morning, and we had not attained the summit. Judge then of my surprise as I awoke from a sleep into which I had *providentially* fallen, and found myself alone, and day beginning to dawn ! I had fortunately retained my hold of the bridle, and as my system had become quiet, I rode on at a rapid pace for six or seven miles, and received a hearty welcome from my companions, who had become so anxious that they had turned about with a canvass to find me. We reached our halting-place a little past noon, and I was soon made quite well by refreshment and repose. This was the mountain where Smith and Dwight suffered so much ; but we took a shorter and more dangerous route. We were now upon the plains of the *Euphrates*, upon whose banks we travelled for four days until this morning, which

brought us near the base of Mount *Ararat*, of which we had a fine view, as we passed a few miles to the south of it. Standing alone, and covered with eternal snow, it remains a conspicuous monument of God's displeasure against sin. Tomorrow we expect to enter Persia, though it will be a week yet before we shall be at Tabreez.

We have just learned that the *cholera* prevails there, but I hope you will give yourself no uneasiness on our account. He who kept us safe amidst the *plague* at Smyrna, Constantinople, and Trebizond, is able to take care of us here also; and I hope you will not cease to present us at the throne of grace. Could I say but one word to my pious friends, it would be, PRAY for us. Judith endures the ride very well, and submits to all the fatigue and privation with Christian fortitude. We passed some hundreds of Koordish tents yesterday, but they remain peaceable, and it is believed there is no further danger. I hope you see my dear little sons, and that I shall hear from you all ere long. Much love to all.

Your affectionate son,

ASAHEL GRANT.

The following extracts from the journal of Mr. Perkins, immediately after the arrival of the missionaries, will show how very cordial was the reception of Dr. Grant at Ooroomiah, and how soon his professional services procured friends for him among the Nestorians.

Dec. 3, 1835. The Melek, governor, of Geog Tapa called to invite us to his village to attend a wedding.

7. About eight o'clock in the morning horses arrived from Geog Tapa, which were sent to carry Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Grant to the wedding. Geog Tapa is a large village, four miles distant from the city, inhabited entirely by Nestorians. It is, in fact, the Nestorian metropolis of the province of Ooroomiah. Almost every day since our arrival we had received invitations from persons belonging there, in addition to the formal one from the governor of the village, to attend the approaching wedding.

We started about nine o'clock in the morning, Mar Yohanna accompanying us. The weather was fine, like a morning of September in America, and our ride was delightful. As we approached the village, a great multitude came out, with trumpet and drum, to escort us. "Welcome, welcome," echoing from a multitude of tongues, and mingling with the rattle of their rude music, made the whole region resound. And the most agreeable circumstance of all was, the frequent salutation of "Good morning," in English, from numerous boys belonging to the English school, originated by our priest in this his native village.

At length, after passing nearly around the village in the midst of a crowd of men, women, and children, so dense as often completely to hedge up our

horses' way, we reached the house of the chief man of the village, where the wedding was to be attended. The bridegroom is his adopted son. A fat ox had just been knocked down before the door. We entered the house. The bride stood veiled, in one corner of a very large room, which on our entering was immediately filled to overflowing by the multitude, the bridegroom among the rest, who had been out to meet us.

It is the practice of the Nestorians to have the marriage ceremony performed in their churches, commencing an hour before daylight, because the services are very long, and the nuptial parties, and the ecclesiastics who participate in the performance, are obliged to abstain from food on the wedding-day until the ceremony is completed. But in this instance they had deferred the ceremony until our arrival, ten o'clock in the forenoon, and instead of assembling at the church, for our better convenience, had prepared to perform the service at this dwelling.

As the crowd drew up around us, in anticipation of the commencement of the services, Mar Yohanna gave orders that inasmuch as strangers were present, they must all be careful to make much less noise than was usual on such occasions. The services commenced. Our priest was the principal officiator, but was assisted by two other priests and several deacons of the village, who joined with him in reading the prayers and the select portions of

Scripture. The bride retained her place veiled, in the farthest corner of the room, about one hour, the bridegroom standing near the officiating ecclesiastics. At length they arrived at the point in the ceremony where hands were to be joined. Several women caught hold of the still veiled bride, and pulled her by main strength half across the room, towards her intended husband, and several men at the same time pushed the bridegroom, who was at first equally determined in his modest reluctance, but finally yielded, and advanced towards the bride. A smart struggle then ensued before he could secure her hand. In this, however, he at length succeeded, and both took a standing attitude near the ecclesiastics. An hour and a half more elapsed, and the regular amount of reading was completed. Then, first the bishop, and afterwards the multitude, we among the rest, advanced and kissed the married pair.

In the midst of the wedding ceremony, the father of one of the priests of the village came in, approached Dr. Grant, and formally and very heartily presented to him his son, the priest, as an expression of gratitude for the doctor's having cured the young man of an inveterate disease. During the marriage services, Mar Elias, the aged bishop residing at Geog Tapa, also came in. He saluted us very cordially in English, shaking hands with each of us, and as often repeating, "Good morning," with admirable distinctness. I was much

gratified to meet with such a reception from Mar Elias. His cautious distance, when I first met with him last year, I am now confident arose entirely from his apprehension that I was an emissary of Rome. His evident delight in catching and using a few phrases of our language, as is also the case with multitudes, is very encouraging, as an index of their interest in us and our object. Mar Elias took his seat by my side,,and often translated to me in a whisper parts of the services which I could not understand, from the rapidity with which they were chanted.

After the services were closed, the married pair and the officiating ecclesiastics, who had till then, nearly one o'clock in the afternoon, eaten nothing that day, retired to take some refreshment. A table was also spread before us, and wine was passed around. Conversation becoming lively, Mar Elias, as if from a knowledge of our views on the subject of temperance, said to me, "Our country abounds in wine, and my people are apt to drink more than they ought. I tell them to drink little and talk slow on such occasions, but they will not listen to me." There was, however, in this instance, very little that was boisterous, considering the vast concourse assembled ; and I saw no one intoxicated from the liberal supply of wine.

We continued a friendly conversation with the bishops and others, until three o'clock in the afternoon. The evident joy imparted to all by our pre-

sence was very great. When we retired, the whole multitude thronged around us, and again reiterated, "Welcome, welcome!" and many rushed up to us, after we had mounted our horses, and kissed our hands. Mar Elias was the last to turn back, of those who accompanied us a little distance on the way.

Our ride home was delightful, and our hearts were melted in gratitude to God for these demonstrations of interest in us, and of our unbounded access to all classes of this most interesting people. Oh what hinders that the Lord may not shed down his Spirit upon us and upon them, and gloriously revive his work in our midst!

That Dr. Grant felt for friends at home, the following letter will show.

Ooroomiah, Persia, Feb. 25th, 1836.

MY DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM,— . . . . I find it one of the most trying circumstances connected with separation from friends, that I must always remain in uncertainty respecting their situation and welfare.

I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Smith\* this week, giving an account of Hast-

\* Doctor Grant left his sons by his first wife in the care of Mr. Smith, then residing in Utica. He subsequently removed to Galesburgh, Illinois, and soon after died. He was an excellent and godly man. Dr. Grant's sons, by this bereavement, lost a very kind guardian and friend.

ings and Edwin ; but although we cannot be sufficiently grateful for the intelligence it contains, we are still ignorant of their present situation, as it was written six months ago. It is a great consolation, however, that I can leave them, and all my dear friends, in the hands of my kind Heavenly Father, who can do infinitely better than I could if I were with them. Could I know that they had all secured an interest in the Saviour, I could trust all to him with a sweet confidence that our separation would be of but short duration, and that when we meet again there would be no more parting, tears, or trials of long separation. But while the dreadful uncertainty remains upon this all-important subject, I cannot but be affected with the most painful anxieties. O when shall they have an end ?

I feel the more anxiety for you, because of the critical period of life to which you have arrived, and the many temptations by which you will be surrounded. If a man settles in business for himself, without having laid up treasures in heaven, the chance is very much against his ever becoming a Christian. "The care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and it cometh unfruitful." The heart being set upon the things of the world, thinks little of more durable riches,—it is taken up so much with its earthly habitation that it thinks little of "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." You have

the little *Bible* which I gave you, and while I would hope that it would sometimes remind you of a dear absent brother, the ardent prayer of that brother is, that the precious truths it contains, may make you wise unto salvation. Treasure them up in your heart, and think of them as you lie down and when you get up, looking to God for the influence of his Spirit, and they will become a savor of life to your soul. . . . Did you know my anxiety, dear brother, on your account, you would have no disposition to blame me for saying so much. . . . Our time is so much occupied, that it is very difficult to write all the particulars that would interest our friends. I usually prescribe for forty or fifty patients in a day, teach my class of Persians, give lessons to my student, and superintend the secular affairs of the mission, and I have little time enough left to learn two difficult languages, besides my other necessary studies and contingent duties; still my health is very good, and I was never more happy. We have not had quite as cold weather as we have seen in America, but the cold has been very uniform for two months past. . . . This city is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants, and the plain two hundred villages. Here all the inhabitants live in the city or villages, and there are no fences to the fields, excepting the gardens and some of the vineyards, which are very extensive. We burn the vines for fuel, and find it equal to beech and maple. The grapes make an important

article of food. Melons &c. are abundant. Much love to such of my friends as you may see.

Your ever affectionate brother,

ASAHEL GRANT.

Thus when Dr. Grant became settled at his mission station, his heart yearned for his kindred who were unconverted. Christian love seeks the salvation of all, especially of those who are bound to us by natural ties. The following letter contains mournful reflections on the death of his dearly beloved father, in which his companion sympathized.

Ooroomiah, Persia, May 11th, 1836.

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER,—By a letter from Mr. S. dated October 23d, 1835, which arrived four days ago, we received the first intimation of that afflictive providence, which makes you, dear mother, a *widow*, and *us*, dear sister, orphans. We find it exceedingly difficult to realize, in this far distant land, that it is indeed so with respect to our dear father and friends at home. We had fondly cherished the hope of being greeted, ere this, by a communication from the hand of this dear parent, but instead of this, the first intelligence that reaches us concerning him is, *that he is no more*.

Fain would we have been present to witness the last moments of our beloved father, to minister to his necessities, and when all was over, mingle our tears with yours, and aid in consoling your sorrow.

ful hearts. But instead of this, nearly seven months passed away, before the intelligence of his departure reached our distant home. So long a time must elapse before intelligence of changes can reach us. We have not the privilege of sympathizing, even in *spirit*, with our loved ones in time of trouble. It is one of the most trying circumstances connected with missionary life. But we can at all times find comfort in the reflection that you have "*one Friend* who sticketh closer than a brother," and who graciously styles himself, "the God of the widow and the fatherless." He it is who ~~can~~ administer consolation and support under every trial; "who is a very present help in every time of trouble." . . . We sorrow not for the departed "as those without hope," for we have every reason to feel that our loss is his gain—and that he has only been called home a little before us. To *us* he seems much nearer than before, and we love to contemplate him as a glorified spirit, and an inhabitant of those blissful mansions reserved for those made white in the blood of the Lamb. We feel for our dear little sons, in this loss they have sustained, as they were both tenderly attached to their grand-papa. . . . .

Our prospects still continue as encouraging as ever. You will have doubtless received our former communications, long ere this reaches you. . . . The school for teachers on our premises is very flourishing, and numbers at present about forty

scholars; who are making rapid progress in their studies.

Mr. Perkins has commenced translating the Bible into the vulgar tongue. Multitudes of the sick of every description daily crowd our house for medical prescriptions. It is no uncommon thing for patients to come a three, four, or five days' journey to procure relief. It is indeed sufficient to repay one for all the self-denial and suffering, incident to a missionary life, to witness the sincere and artless gratitude, manifested by these poor people when relieved from suffering.

We are happy in our work, and happy in each other—and though we often, *very often* think and speak of our beloved ones we have left behind, still nothing short of *positive evidence* that duty required it would induce us to return. . . .

Your very affectionate

ASAHEL AND JUDITH.

The subsequent communication gives a pleasing account of the birth of a first-born on missionary ground.

Ooroomiah, Persia, June 15th, 1836.

MY DEAR SISTER MARY,— . . . . You will be interested to learn that your *nephew*, Henry Martyn, joined our mission twelve days ago. He was most cordially welcomed, and short as our acquaintance has been, he has gained a very strong

hold of our affections. Indeed he is quite a favorite with all the people here, who implore many blessings upon him, and that God would preserve him. It is not yet decided whether his attention will be turned to the Nestorians or Mahometans, but I suspect that both will claim a share of it, as both have long been praying that God would give us such an associate. But, as yet, he knows no language but his own, and it will be a long time before he can render us much assistance.

Still we shall prize his company, and if he is permitted to remain with us, we shall endeavor to prepare him for usefulness as soon as possible. Our prayer is that he may do as much for benighted, long-neglected Persia, as did his illustrious predecessor whose name he bears. The little stranger's health is very good, and I hope the climate may agree with him. Our dear Judith is fast recovering from a severe illness, and now sits up a couple of hours every day. She desires to unite, with Henry Martyn and myself, in very much love to you and our dear mother and brothers. . . . .

While we are happy in our labors here, be assured it is no small trial to be deprived of the society of those we love, and especially that we cannot mingle our sympathies in times of sore trial.

But, my dear sister, is it not a consoling consideration, that as one after another of our beloved ones are taken away, they have gone to swell the company that may ere long welcome us too to those blest abodes which they now inhabit ?

O Mary, what a time will that be, when we shall be clothed in the garments of Christ's righteousness, and sit down with Him in his kingdom, to go no more out for ever. If we are indeed his disciples, it will be but a few short days before we shall see him face to face, and we, who are now so far separated, shall meet again with those who have gone before us, and we shall mingle our praises with the redeemed from every nation under heaven. Pray, dear sister, that multitudes from this interesting portion of the earth may be gathered in through our unworthy instrumentality. O how much do we need the influence of the Spirit of God here! O Lord! when will these dry bones live?

There is little of interest to record but what you will see or have seen elsewhere. There is very much that is interesting, and some things discouraging, or rather that call for strong faith, and should make us feel our own weakness and insufficiency. But we rejoice that He who has called us to labor, has the hearts of all men in his hands, and there is nothing impossible with him. I trust we feel something of the responsibility of our station. Every moment calls for incessant labor, and our duties continue to increase. In a class I instruct in English, Mussulmen and Nestorians study the gospels together; and we render it all into Turkish, which is the universal language here. I talk much more in this language than in English, but it will

be a long time yet before I can speak it as well on all subjects. My patients are very numerous, and often come three or four days' journey. Some of these who come quite blind, return seeing. Not a week passes but I operate for *cataract*, and often several times in a week. I trust that much suffering will be relieved. O that I might be made instrumental of opening the eyes of the spiritually blind ! The people are poor and oppressed in the extreme, and this is a great hindrance to our work. People say that they have to work every moment for their bread and to pay their taxes. At least, they cannot provide food and attend to study too. Thus, while they desire instruction, they grow up in ignorance.

No one supposes a female can learn to read, and if she could it would be of little use, as they are valued for the work they do, and girls, when twelve or fourteen years old, for the dowry they bring. They are sold to the highest bidder ! We have one living with us, but she will go when a good offer shall be made to her parents. I write in very great haste, which I beg you to excuse, as I must do so or not write at all. Present my kindest regards to all our friends, and believe me your ever affectionate brother,

ASAHEL.

How does he unbosom himself to his dear mother in the letter that follows :—

Ooroomiah, Oct. 11th, 1836.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—It is a year to-day since my beloved father bid adieu to the scenes of earth, and entered as we confidently believe upon those unseen joys which God has prepared for those that love him. And although we have mourned and deeply felt our loss, may we not receive an unfading consolation in contemplating him as a glorified spirit before the throne of God ? How many of those we loved on earth have gone before us to the heavenly mansions prepared by our glorious Redeemer ! And if *we* through his rich mercy are permitted to behold their glories, what a company of those with whom we took sweet counsel in this vale of tears, will welcome us to their eternal embrace, and tread with us the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, whilst we unite with all the redeemed in ascribing “ Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.” *There* will be no more sighs and tears, and *there* I trust *you*, my dear mother, will not regret our short separation in this transitory world.

The Lord has been visiting us by sickness for some months past. I have had two or three attacks of fever, and on the 16th ult. was brought to the confines of eternity by a sudden and violent attack of the cholera. I vomited and passed off gallons of rice-colored water ; had severe spasms in every part of the system ; extremities, face and tongue

quite cold ; features sunken and livid, and great restlessness and thirst ; difficulty of breathing, almost entire loss of voice. My eyes have been so much inflamed as to render it necessary to take a large quantity of blood—to mercurialize and blister freely. Of blisters I had ten upon my neck and arms. Mrs. Perkins and our dear babes have also had ophthalmia. Mr. Perkins and the ladies have all had two or three attacks of fever. Mr. P. has been brought very low. For three or four days he knew nothing that passed. His little son at the same time was brought so low with croup, that we thought several times he was breathing his last. Fortunately I was able, though with much effort, to attend upon them and to direct prescriptions for myself, and the Lord has in great mercy raised us all up again. We desire to sing of his faithfulness and loving-kindness all the days of our life. Do you imagine that such trials may have shaken my confidence of being in the path of duty ? No, my dear mother, while expecting that another hour might be my last, my faith was strong, and I could have testified to all the world of the excellency of the missionary cause ; certainly I could not have departed in a better. May my dear sons be prepared to fill, and much more than fill their father's place. And oh ! may we be stimulated to labor faithfully while the day lasts. The season has been unusually sickly here, but our work has progressed. Even while I had ten blisters upon me I

kept about and superintended the affairs of the mission, Mr. Perkins being absent. I have lost but little time, in consequence of all my sickness.

I remain, my dear mother,

Yours affectionately,

A. GRANT.

These were sore troubles, but the Lord delivered them out of them all. Here follows another letter, full of prayerful fraternal anxiety, and faithful but affectionate appeals to his dear unconverted brother.

Ooroomiah, Persia, Oct. 25th, 1836.

MR. WM. GRANT: MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

. . . . I need not assure you that I was rejoiced to hear of your welfare and temporal prosperity. But in this last respect it is not without anxiety, when I think of that part of the parable of our Saviour, contained in Matt. 13: 22. My desire is that you may be abundantly prospered in the good things of this world—that you may be a faithful steward of God. But, my dear brother, let it never be said of you as it was of the young man who came to Jesus to inquire what good thing he should do that he might have eternal life, Mark 10: 17–25. However much of this world's goods you may possess, remember they may take to themselves wings and fly away, or like the rich man in the parable, in an unexpected hour, your soul may be required of you. While if your treasure is laid up in

heaven you will have an “ inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.”

Let this inheritance be your first aim, for be assured it is worth more than all the riches and pleasures of the world. Could you heap them all together, they are but “ vanity and vexation of spirit,” while the glories of the heavenly Jerusalem are unfading and eternal.

During the last few months I have been led to realize very distinctly the truth of what I have said. We have all been called to suffer from sickness, and I was brought so low that I expected in a very few hours, at most, to bid adieu to all earthly things.

In such circumstances, for how much of this world do you think I could have exchanged my hope of an interest in Christ ? How highly do you think I could have prized the wealth and honors it could afford ? O how they sink into insignificance ! But the riches of grace, through the all-atoning blood of the Lamb,—how rich—how free ! All I had ever done or suffered for the cause of Christ vanished into nothing, as I thought of what he had done to purchase such peace of mind as I then enjoyed, although my body was racked with excruciating pains. What was it, my brother, that gave our dear departed father such sweet composure in a dying hour, and made him say, “ My peace is like a river ? ” O it was that faith in the glorious Redeemer which gave a zest to the enjoyment of life, which supported him in the pangs of dissolving

nature, and wasted his soul to the regions of a blessed immortality. Do you hope to meet him there ? Shall *we* be reunited there to part no more for ever ? to drink for ever of the streams of pleasure which flow at God's right hand ? O how my heart would leap for joy, for such a precious hope ! . . . . . What society have you ? What religious privileges ? Have you access to good books ? I hope you will read and store your mind with history, travels, biography, political economy, works of morality, and especially of religion. I trust you will never neglect the Bible or the sanctuary of God. You are in an important and growing country, (the far West,) one which will exert an immense influence not only upon the United States of America, but upon the world. In every part of the great valley of the Mississippi, men of respectability and character are needed, whose influence will be decidedly in favor of morality and religion. Be *one of these*, my brother, and you may be a blessing to your country and the world. . . . . You have doubtless learned that we have a little Henry Martyn. He is almost six months old, and a fine, stout, active boy. . . . . My dear partner desires a very affectionate remembrance, and wishes much to hear from you. I hope you occasionally see my dear little sons. Tell me all about them. . . . . I hope too that we may learn ere long that you are blessed with God's best earthly gift to man. A good wife would contribute much to your happiness and in-

fluence. I hope she will be intelligent and pious.

I remain, my dear brother,

Yours most affectionately and truly,

ASAHEL GRANT.

This brother of Dr. Grant soon after died in the state of Illinois. He was never married. There is reason to hope that a short time before he suffered the great and last change in the dissolution of the clay tenement, he experienced the saving change of renewing grace, and thus, it is believed he was fitted for a better world.

The letter following contains many very important suggestions which it is well for Christians continually to keep in mind.

Ooroomiah, January 9th, 1837.

MY DEAR SISTER MARY,— . . . . Your precious letter of August 7th I have just received and read with the liveliest interest and gratification. It seems to transport me home again to the warm embrace of those I love so dearly. But home must indeed be greatly changed since our beloved father is no more—do I say our father is no more? He lives!—O what a consoling thought!—he lives, and will for ever live, in our eternal home, where we hope to sit down and spend a long eternity with him in a house not made with hands. He often seems nearer to me now than while living, for my pilgrimage will soon be over, and through infinite

grace in Christ Jesus, I hope then to visit that heavenly land where he has gone. But as I have no hope of visiting my native land, I may not see my friends until we meet in the general assembly of the church and first-born in heaven.

O let us, my dear sister, have our treasure laid up there, that our affections, our dearest hopes may be there also. I rejoice that you seem to have so much of the love of Christ in your heart, as to bear you above the trials of earth. Let us only see the hand of our kind Heavenly Father, and we know that all things shall work together for our good. I trust you cultivate a nearness of intercourse with him, and try to live for his glory.

You say that my friends are very much interested in our mission, and that not a *concert of prayer* passes in which we have not an interest.

We are greatly supported by such an assurance, and would earnestly entreat all who have an interest at the mercy seat to pray with unceasing importunity for their brethren and sisters who are toiling and rapidly wearing out their lives among the benighted and perishing. Will not Christians who are in the warm embrace of the church, and surrounded by every means of grace, pray for our personal holiness and preparation for the great and awfully responsible work in which we are engaged? We have constantly to contend with the great adversary of souls, and live under every unhallowed influence which the unregenerate can throw around

us. True, we find in the floods of wickedness which are rolling the dying millions around us into the gulf of despair, a constant incitement to exertion. But we have well nigh sunk under the magnitude of our work, aided by an untried climate. In my last communications I gave some account of the sickness, in which all our number shared so largely, and which brought Mr. Perkins and myself to the very borders of the grave. He was still unable to labor, and although weak, and suffering from the effects of disease, I could not bear to see all our important labors suspended. I therefore exerted myself to manage our boarding-school, and three schools which we had established in the surrounding villages—taught my class in English, and gave medicines to the multitudes of sick who came to be healed. In a word, I had the whole care of the mission to sustain ;—and although fearful of the consequences, I hardly knew whether I could better support such an amount of labor, or see the consequences of suspending it. For a long time I was supported, until Mr. Perkins was able to resume his labors, but for five weeks past I have suffered severely, and have scarcely been able to leave the house. My symptoms are now improving, and I hope ere long to resume my work.

There have been some encouraging appearances of late, particularly manifest in our Sabbath school. But we need the reviving, soul-converting influence of the Holy Spirit, without which all our labors are

vain. In our behalf entreat Christians to pray earnestly that God would revive his work here, and bring up the thousands who are called by the name of Christ to engage as faithful laborers in his vineyard. As yet, we have no reason to believe that any of them are his true disciples ; but they have God's *holy word* in their hands, and if we are faithful what may we not hope ? It is *prayer*, PRAYER, that is needed. . . . We need more missionaries here, but *I would on no account have a man here, whose heart was not fired by the love of God, and I hope none but such will come.*

I hope you see my little sons . . . . and will try to exert a good influence over them, by leading them to read the Bible and other good books. Keep yourself supplied with every means of improvement and growth in grace.

Your affectionate brother,

ASAHEL.

Affliction has usually exerted a sanctifying influence upon the hearts of the children of God. "It yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."

Prayer, united prayer, prevails with God. It should ascend for all men, especially for missionaries, who seem to feel so much the need of it, who are in circumstances of great trial and temptation, and whose influence is mighty for good according to their personal holiness, skill, activity and perseverance.

How great are the burdens and responsibilities resting on them at all times, and especially in circumstances like those narrated in the preceding letter! We ought never to be satisfied with the labors of missionaries, though they may do much for the mental and moral elevation of the people they serve, until that people are converted to God. Yet we should never be impatient with the missionaries, nor blame them, if souls around them are not converted immediately, upon the commencement of their labors, especially if we see them laboring with direct reference to the speedy conversion of the souls under their care. But oh! what qualifications are requisite for the labors, privations, trials and responsibilities of the missionary! Yet we trust God is raising up many such, who, like the subject of this memoir, shall be eminently qualified for the work. Let not the important, solemn, and searching thoughts of the next letter be forgotten.

Ooroomiah, Persia, Oct. 26th, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER IRA,—Your favor of July 14th was received yesterday, and I hasten to return an immediate answer, because I cannot in any other way express my thanks for your fraternal letter. I do, my dear brother, feel very thankful for the few letters with which I am favored from the home of my childhood and youth; but I would not complain that I receive no more, neither would I be importunate for letters from my

friends; but I wish you and all my friends to bear in mind, that nothing is so refreshing to our spirits in this dark, distant land, as frequent communion with those we love. We cannot, we would not forget the friends of our early days. If I tell you that it seemed a long time to wait the whole year to receive a letter from you, it is because I think of you so often, and with so lively an interest. . . . . We have received letters from America in less than three months. They cost little or nothing from Boston. . . . . I feel deeply interested in all that relates to the welfare of my dear native land, as well as that of all my friends there.

My prayer is, that God in his infinite mercy may overrule all the afflictive dispensations of his providence for the advancement of his cause and kingdom. I hope that followers of Him who had not where to lay his head, will think less of accumulating the wealth of this world, and more of using it for the spread of the gospel. Is not God teaching his children, by the pecuniary distress he has brought upon the country, that they should not trust in uncertain riches, which take to themselves wings and fly away? When will *Christians*, the purchase of a Saviour's blood, learn to lay up their treasures in heaven, and become rich towards God? What a different state of things would be seen! O that we could see as much anxiety to invest funds in Bible, tract, education, and mis-

sionary stock, as there is in rail-roads and bank-stock ! If Christians could feel the blessedness of living wholly for God, what a different state of things should we see in the church ! I feel more and more satisfied that, before the world is converted, *the church must come up to a higher and holier standard of consecration to God.* Christians must feel that the great business of life is to be co-workers with Jesus Christ in saving this lost world. Instead of taxing all the energies of their souls and bodies to heap together a little of the glittering dust of earth, their daily inquiry should be—What can I do to honor my Saviour, and save my dying fellow-men from the dreadful thraldom of sin ? What can I do to pour the light of the gospel upon the darkness of heathenism, and fill the earth with the glory of God ? These are motives worthy of all the powers of Gabriel, and they should be first in our minds when we lie down and when we rise up. We should carry them to our farms, our work-shops, and our counting-rooms. We should feel that our time, our property, our influence, our children, all belong to God. *We are not our own.* . . . . . My great desire respecting my dear sons is that they may be entirely the Lord's. You say that brother S——\* made much inquiry to obtain for them a good home, but none were found who were willing to assume so respon-

\* Rev. Mr. Shaw, then Bethel chaplain at Utica, N. Y.

sible a charge. Were all then willing to assume the responsibility of letting those little orphans be without a home, or a guardian ? Would Christians who had it in their power to train them up for God, be found free from the blood of their souls, if, through their neglect, they were to grow up in sin ? Or would they be found guiltless with regard to the perishing millions in this land, if, through their neglect, it became my duty to return to take charge of them ? What if I should say, when one of my brother missionaries lay at the point of death—I am unwilling to assume the responsible task of giving him medicine ; should I not be answerable for the life of that missionary ? Is there not as great a responsibility in refusing to do what God in his providence has made our duty, as there can be in any other case ? And yet how often do we hear Christians saying they are unwilling to assume the responsibility of doing this or that thing, which they know ought to be done, and never think that they assume a much greater responsibility in deciding not to do it ? There is no way for a Christian to get free from *responsibility* in every case that comes before him. He will be held accountable at the tribunal of Jehovah, for both his decision and conduct. We must decide and must act with regard to every question of duty that comes before us. If the path of duty is not clear, we must obtain light—then decide. I know the responsibility was immense in my deciding to

come to Persia ; but would it have been less had I decided not to come ? That was a responsibility I dared not to assume. Where duty is plain, a man can have no good evidence that he is a Christian if he refuses to do it. If our hearts were wholly given to God, that whether we eat or drink we have his glory in view, we should feel that all we could do for Christ and his kingdom was our dearest *privilege*, and this word would take the place of the word *duty* in our religious catalogue. . . .

. . . . I should like to send you some of the abundance of this land. Wheat has been selling here in large quantities, for thirty or thirty-two cents a bushel ; and bread is less than one cent per pound. Grapes, melons, and fruit are also abundant and very cheap. But we feel the effects of the pecuniary distress in the curtailing of our means for establishing schools and other plans of usefulness. Still we are going on prosperously—but greatly need the influence of the Holy Spirit. You will find some account of our labors in the Missionary Herald. I have just completed a tour, or rather several short tours, among the Nestorian villages, and forward the account of my visits to the Board. We have been much blessed with health this year, and I hope I have become pretty well acclimated. Our little Henry Martyn has been very sick, but is now becoming quite smart and playful. . . . My dear Judith unites in

much love to you, your dear Maria, and the children.  
*Write often*, and believe me, very affectionately,

Yours, &c.,

A. GRANT.

P. S. Oct. 30th. I am happy to hear that our dear mother is situated where she is contented. I doubt not you will do what you can to contribute to the happiness of the few short years she may be spared. May her affections, and the affections of each of us, be set supremely upon the great interests of eternity. May we live as pilgrims and strangers here on the earth, and in all the trials that beset our path may we keep in view that Jesus has gone to prepare mansions for us, and remember that "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." Let us be faithful in the work committed to our charge, and endeavor to realize the worth of souls. We had rather a solemn time yesterday with the Nestorians in our Sabbath school and Bible class. Mr. Perkins, who takes charge of the latter, being absent, both exercises devolved upon me. I endeavored to make them feel their need of the Holy Spirit to change their hearts and fit them for heaven. We greatly need a revival here, and I think we may have one if we are faithful in prayer and effort. Let us not be forgotten in the prayers of God's people at home. Dear brother, pray for us, and may God, even our God, bless you.

Your very affectionate brother,

ASAHEL.

As Dr. Grant had made great sacrifices for the cause of the Redeemer, giving his property and himself and all to advance it, he knew the blessedness of giving, as well as the responsibility ; and he was anxious that others should also practically realize it. But it needs much grace to prompt to such a Christlike step.

As he had made sacrifices in leaving his children, he properly threw the responsibility of their right training upon the church. Well may he urge that idea upon the minds of Christians in America. For the sake of such noble, self-denying men, their children should be cared for, that their minds may not be distracted from their labors, and that they may not be obliged to leave their fields of labor to find homes for their children, cast out friendless, homeless and pennyless upon a pitiless world. The following letter contains touching reflections upon the numerous afflictions visited upon his family in his native land.

Ooroomiah, Persia, 22d March, 1838.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND BROTHER,—A letter from dear sister Mary, received a few days since, has been to us another messenger of painful intelligence, leading us to realize more than ever the fleeting nature of sublunary objects. Almost the first letter that reached us from beloved America, brought the most trying tidings of the death of our beloved *father* ;—this was soon followed by the

news of the death of Mr. Smith, the guardian of our dear little sons—now, in quick succession, follows the voice of mourning for our departed brother *William*. Oh, how the painful reality that he too is gone—that our much-loved William is no more—rends the tender fibres of my bosom ! It calls back, in hurried succession, a thousand endearing recollections of those happy days, when he made one of our little circle around the domestic altar—listened to the voice of prayer from the lips of our now glorified father, and united in all the endearing interchanges of fraternal and filial affection. When I last saw that form and those features, which are so indelibly impressed upon my recollection, and felt the warm heavings of that heart which has now ceased to beat, while that tongue, now silent in the cold grave, uttered the parting adieu, none of us had so fair prospects for health and long life as he had. But he has gone to his account, and we shall soon follow him. O that we may be admonished by the dealings of God with our family ! A brother and a sister were called away in childhood and infancy ; our two elder sisters, our father and our brother, have left us to mourn their early departure, and the few of us who remain, are far separated from each other, and have little hope of meeting again on earth.

The change in brother William's views and feelings before his death, presents a bright gleam of hope, that the many prayers that had been offered

on his account, have not been in vain. I had felt deep anxiety that he might be brought to choose that better part which should never be taken away from him, and with those feelings I have tried to be faithful in my communications with him. But all our accounts in relation to him are sealed up for the judgment.

My dear wife is very well, and I hope very useful in our mission. She spends four hours in a day in teaching a small school for Nestorian girls.

My own health is such that I have attended to the various missionary duties, which devolve upon me, such as prescribing for the sick, superintending the village schools and our Sabbath school, teaching a class in English, receiving and returning visits, &c. &c. But yet I am far from being well. Since the attack of the cholera, which brought me so low eighteen months ago, my stomach has often rejected all kinds of food almost as soon as I had eaten it, and before it had time to experience any change. I have hitherto found partial relief from taking free exercise on horseback; and my plans of labor for the ensuing summer will require this kind of exercise almost daily, and often constantly. The climate, however, appears to be very prejudicial to my constitution, and although I hope to be useful for some time, perhaps for years, I expect to labor in weakness and pain. But if I only suffer for the cause of Christ, and am permitted to be a co-worker with him, I will count it all joy, and toil

on, rejoicing in the precious truth that "*there is a rest for the people of God.*" My dear wife unites in much love to you and all our dear friends. With the hope that you will write us often, and remember us in your prayers,

I remain, very affectionately, yours,

ASAHEL GRANT.

The two succeeding letters, full of sweetness and simplicity, were written to his dear sons in America.

Tabreez, Persia, May 18th, 1838.

MY DEAR HASTINGS,—I was told long ago that you had learned to write, and I have wished very much to see a letter from you. Why have you not written to your dear father? I hope you will write very often, and tell me where you are—what you are doing—whether you have good friends, good books, good schools, good preaching—and whether you and your little brother are good boys. When I get no letters from you, I sometimes fear that you and Edwin will forget your dear father—or that you do not love him and your dear mother as we love you. We think of you and your dear brother, and talk about you, and pray for you every day; and *we love you very much.* We feel very anxious that you should both be very good boys, and learn well, and love those who take care of you, and instruct you—that you should love your dear father and mother, and your little brother, Henry Martyn—

but especially that you should love Jesus Christ, who gives you these friends and every good thing you have, and who gave his precious life to save you from sin. When we hear that you are *good boys*, we feel *very happy*; but if we hear that you have been bad boys, and done wickedly, our hearts are very heavy—we feel sad and unhappy.

You, my dear Hastings, are so much older than your little brother Edwin, that you should try to teach him to be a good boy, and do what will please God and your dear parents and friends. You must teach him by your *example* as well as by your words. For if he should see you do wrong, he will not mind when you tell him that he must be a good boy. If he sees you neglect what your good teachers and friends tell you—or sees you play on the Sabbath, or take things without liberty, he will very likely do wickedly too. If he hears you use bad language, or tell lies, I fear he will do so too. But if you always do right, you will teach your little brother to do right too, and thus you will do good, please God, and your friends.

I have written to your uncle Ira and Mr. Shaw to provide good friends and a good home for you, so that you may learn well, and be prepared to do good to others. But you must always look to God your heavenly Father to take care of you. He says in his word, "*They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*"—"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things

[food, raiment and whatever you need in this world] shall be added unto you." Do you remember that when the Lord asked Solomon what he should give him, Solomon asked the Lord for an *understanding heart*; and God was pleased, and gave him wisdom, riches, and honor? Now *you*, my dear son, should pray for an understanding heart, that you may be wise and good, and then you will be happy.

When you get this letter, I wish you to write to me, and tell me what *books* you have, and what ones you read most and like best. What do you study in school, and how much have you learned? What books does Edwin read, and what does he study? Can he write so as to write me a letter, or write a little in your letter? Does he read well, and does he love his books? Which is the heaviest, you or Edwin? How much do each of you weigh? How tall are you? How much taller than Edwin? Which of you is the strongest? Which can run the fastest? Which of you learns the best? What books do you want that you have not got? What else do you want? I wish very much to see you, but the Lord has work for me in Persia. I hope that you and Edwin may come out here as missionaries, if you are good boys.

It would be a most happy meeting for us all, if I could see you devoted to the service of God in this distant land. We pray that this may be the case—that you will seek first of all the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and live to his glory. Pray

much for your dear father and mother and little Henry, that the Lord may spare our lives and make us very useful in his service. Give our love to all our friends who inquire respecting us.

From your ever affectionate father,

ASAHEL GRANT.

MY DEAR EDWIN,—Do you remember your dear father? It is a long time since you have seen me. You were then a very little boy. I think you are now much larger, and know much more than when I left you. I am happy to hear that you can read. I hope you love to read good books. They will make you wise and good. Do you love to read the word of God? That is the best of all books.

I wish very much to see you, and I wish you could see your dear mother and your little brother Henry Martyn. He is very small yet. He runs about the house and the dooryard; and talks a little—but not very plain. He was sick a long time, and we feared he would die. But God was very good to him, and he is now very well. Your dear mother thinks he looks like you. She has fourteen little girls to teach. When we came to Persia none of the little girls knew how to read. But now some of them are learning. I hope that all the little boys and girls will learn to read, and learn to love God. I hope you love Jesus Christ, and pray to him very often. Will you not pray every day for your dear father, mother and brothers?

You must love your teachers and the dear friends who take care of you. Remember that Christ is your best friend. That you may love him—do every thing to please him, and be very happy, is the daily prayer of

Your ever affectionate father,

ASAHEL GRANT.

Dr. Grant exhibits in the foregoing and other letters to his children, a remarkably happy faculty to interest and instruct the youthful mind.

In the following letter he tells his mother among other things of the birth of his daughters.

Ooroomiah, Persia, Oct. 9th, 1838.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—. . . . We have heard from time to time of your health and welfare, and rejoice that you have so many earthly comforts spared you. Would that I could consistently be with you to add to their number. But in all your bereavements I trust you find JESUS an ever present friend. O may his smiles beam upon your pathway, till your feet rest on Zion's hill !

I have written frequently to, and respecting our dear Hastings and Edwin ; and hope that the best possible provision will be made for them. Still we feel very anxious, especially as we obtain little direct intelligence from them. May the Great Shepherd watch over these little lambs of the fold !

You will be surprised to learn, that you have

two little *granddaughters* added to your family, in this distant land. Yet such is the news I have now to communicate. They were born on the 24th of August, and are fine healthy babes.

One of them we have named after its mother, *Judith Sabrina*; the other we call *Mary Electa*, after my only surviving sister, and the departed mother of our dear boys in America. My dear wife lay for many days on the borders of the grave, and is still weak; unable to sit up but a small portion of the time.

November 28th. Multiplied engagements have prevented me from finishing this letter at an earlier date. . . . I am happy to hear so favorable accounts of the health and temporal comforts of my dear mother. May you also drink largely of the river of consolation which flows from our Father's throne. May our covenant God sustain and comfort your heart, and bless you with his presence and Spirit.

I am happy to say, that our dear babes are quite well. They have not had to take a particle of medicine as yet. Our little Henry Martyn suffers from the climate, and is now ill. Still I think he suffers less than formerly. He has gained much within a month or two past. He is remarkably active, and takes a great deal of exercise. I frequently take him on my horse when I go to the villages; and he sometimes rides more than thirty miles in a day. My dear Judith is now in comfort-

able health, though she has not regained her former strength. My own health is precarious, and has been so for a long time—though I have been able for the most part to attend to my usual missionary labors.

The most prominent symptom under which I labor is *irritability of stomach*, inducing it to reject my food, more or less frequently—often every meal for days together. It is undoubtedly the effect of a hostile climate—of course it occasions much suffering; but I do not mind that much so long as I have strength to labor, as I have most of the time. What the result may be, is only known to our heavenly Father. But in this I may rejoice, that *He* will order all things well. Nor do I feel anxious for the future—or whether my work is long continued, provided it is well done. I trust I feel willing to do or to *suffer* the will of God, in this matter—and blessed be His name, that there remaineth a rest to his people—where “*there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.*”

I suppose you see the Missionary Herald, which will give you the facts of general interest in relation to our labors among the Nestorian Christians. Have you read the Herald for last August, which contains a history of the missions of the Nestorian Christians, in Central and Eastern Asia? Is it not an interesting thought that this people, once so active in the spread of the gospel, are receiving such in-

structions as, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, may prepare them again to send forth heralds of salvation to the millions of perishing heathen and Mohammedans by whom they are surrounded? And is it not a work which may well engage our labors and prayers, while God shall spare our lives, to diffuse the light of life through the remnant of this once zealous and active church?

Let me but be in some humble measure instrumental in this glorious consummation, and I shall not have come here in vain, should my stay be but short.

You may be desirous of knowing, after more than three years of missionary labor, whether I ever regret entering this work. No—NEVER. I often feel very keenly my absence from the dear ones I left at *home*—yes, HOME!—and the thought of it revives a thousand hallowed recollections of maternal care and affection. But we hope to meet in happier mansions—even where Jesus has gone, to *prepare a place* for us. Till then—*farewell*.

Your affectionate

ASAHEL.

P. S. Nov. 30th. We enjoyed a pleasant *Thanksgiving* yesterday, which reminded me much of home. We are also reminded of our many, very many mercies, for which we would never cease to be grateful. After an appropriate sermon by Mr. Perkins, we dined with all the mission at Mr. Stocking's, who are good plain Connecticut people.

Have I told you that we are fifteen in number, including children, of which we have had five added to our number during the past summer ? Oh how I wish you could look in upon us, and spend a season in sharing our mutual happiness—for with all our trials you must never think of us as being unhappy. My dear Judith sends much love, and the children many kisses.

Yours affectionately,

A. GRANT.

The following letter was addressed to the compiler, a brother of Mrs. Grant. This letter gives a very touching account of her sickness and death. It is dated

Tabreez, Persia, January 31st, 1839.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Should you hear that your dearest earthly friend was exiled, and doomed to wander, a weary pilgrim, in some vast lonely wilderness, how deep would be your sorrow and commiseration ! But should you learn that she was restored in safety to her father's house—her weary pilgrimage ended, and all was perfect happiness with her—how would your heart swell with emotions of gratitude and love to her deliverer ! Such might well be our feelings when God calls home the objects of our warm affections from their toils and sufferings in this vale of tears to his own blissful mansions in heaven, were it not that we, who remain, feel more than ever that

“ Earth is a tiresome place,”

while those we loved so ardently, and whose presence could cheer even the lonely desert, are called home before us. We mourn for ourselves, while we might well envy the condition of that beloved object, who has left us a little behind in the heavenly race, were it not that the interval is so short, when we shall be reunited with all that is most dear to us, and that in circumstances of inconceivable felicity—surrounded by all the glories of heaven—resplendent with the presence of our adorable Redeemer. Oh the blessedness of the Christian's hope, which can thus cheer us in the hour of deepest trial !

Then let us mourn and weep as “Jesus wept;” but, blessed be God, “we sorrow not as those who have no hope.”

And you, dear brother, will feel that you have, more than ever, to draw your affections towards heaven, when you learn that the sister, so dear to your heart as was our beloved Judith, has gone there before you. Yes, there is no room to doubt that her ransomed spirit is each moment drinking in more of felicity, of unalloyed happiness, than earth ever afforded—than mortal ever conceived. She has awaked in the likeness of Christ, and is “satisfied.”

Our dear Judith was seized very violently by one of the fevers of this country on the 3d inst., which, notwithstanding all that a long experience in such cases could suggest, and all that the most unremit-

ted and anxious attention could do to arrest its course, terminated her short but distinguished career of usefulness on the 14th (January, 1839). Her toils, her cares, her anxieties and sufferings on earth, are ended; and purified in the blood of her immaculate Saviour, she shines in glorious radiance, a rapt seraph before the throne of God and the Lamb! But did I say her career of usefulness was ended? No—it has but just begun. Her bright example, her fervent prayers, her triumphant death, will carry their hallowed influence through the long vista of time, imparting a holy zeal, a beatific peace and blessedness, which shall shine and glow in ever increasing effulgence through the ceaseless ages of eternity!

Her death was as peaceful and happy as her life had been exemplary and useful. She regretted not that she had come to this distant land for the sake of her precious Saviour, or that she was so soon to lay down her life in his cause. When she saw that her prospects for life were very uncertain, her only anxiety was that God might be glorified in the result of her sickness. While "*for her to live was Christ,*" and she was willing to toil and suffer for his sake, she felt that "*to die was gain.*" Her house had been set in order—her soul was reposing on God—and with her lamp trimmed and burning, replenished with the oil of heavenly grace, she was waiting for the Bridegroom. Christ was *her all*—the enjoyment of his presence the consummation of her hopes.

"Oh, the presence of Christ!" she exclaimed, "it is every thing—it is *heaven* to the Christian"—"and the Lamb *is the light thereof.*" "To think of dying, and being freed from sin and suffering in the presence of Christ, is most delightful—it is rapturous!"—"it is all through grace, *grace, GRACE!* O how sweet!"

Perhaps the death of no member of our mission could have produced such deep feeling and solemnity, or so much sympathy and unfeigned sorrow, as hers has done. Both Mohammedans and Nestorians manifested the greatest concern during her sickness; and at her death all seemed to feel that they had lost a dear and valued friend.

Our Mohammedan Meerza repeatedly wept like a child at the loss of his much loved teacher—expressed his opinion of her holy life—assured me of his conviction that she had gone to Paradise, and said he should never forget her good advice, nor the lessons of wisdom she had taught him.

At another time, while some of his friends were expressing their wonder at her composure and happy anticipations in the prospect of death, he said, "I know why she did not fear to die: *she had faith in Jesus.*" Thus her death has taught a lesson to the deluded followers of Mohammed, which they might never have learned in any other way.

With *them* all is consternation and dismay when the king of terrors approaches, and every art is tried to deceive the dying man into the belief that

he will soon recover. But what is this that cheers this tender female in the hour of dissolving nature, buoying her above all fear of death, and filling her whole soul with inexpressible peace and rapture ?  
*“ She had faith in Jesus !”*

Nor was this lesson less important for the poor Nestorians.

Their lifeless forms of religion never produced such fruit ; and they are constrained to admire and magnify that grace which raises its possessor above the fear of death, and enables him to triumph over the grave. A spirit of inquiry is thus awakened ; a subdued and tender spirit is manifested, and the hearts of many about us are laid open to the truth of God’s word. Never before had we such a large and solemn congregation as assembled at the funeral services in the native language ; and I would fain hope that the tears which bedewed almost every face were not the mere effusions of sympathetic emotion. May the Spirit of God be poured out from on high, and may multitudes of this dear people be converted to God.

Yours, very affectionately,

A. GRANT.

Thus tenderly and carefully did he break the news of the death of the sister to her afflicted brother. The following to his mother, is on the same subject.

Tabreez, Persia, Feb. 9th, 1839.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—I remember, as though it were but yesterday, your fatiguing visit to Pennsylvania when my dear Electa was taken from me by the cold hand of death. I think of the tender maternal care and interest you felt in my happiness on that trying occasion ; and as the image of my fond *mother* comes up before me, a thousand tender recollections are revived. O how the hour of trial sweetens the remembrance of a mother's affection and a mother's care ! Even now would my dear mother pour the soothing balm of maternal sympathy into my bleeding bosom—bereft as it is of her who could sweeten life's every care and sorrow. But the boisterous ocean, and the barrier of many a snow-capped mountain, forbid. Far from the home of my youth must I mourn the departure of the wife of my bosom—nor can a mother's cheering voice be heard to soothe the sorrow of my mind. But oh ! the blessedness of the Christian's hope ! In such an hour, how precious are the consolations of religion ! How sweet to look beyond the scenes of time, to that better world, where sorrow, and sighing, and tears will be no more ! Could we ask a better portion for our dearest friend ? Can we wish more enduring felicity for ourselves, than to sit down in our Father's mansions in heaven—for ever to enjoy the society of all the holy and good, and participate in all the happiness of the world of glory ? Well might we

adopt the language uttered by our departed Judith on the bed of death : “ To think of dying, and being freed from sin and suffering in the presence of God, is most delightful—*it is rapturous!*” When such was the peaceful frame of mind in which my own dear wife bid adieu to this vale of tears, and such her joyful anticipations of unfading bliss beyond the grave—would we call her back from the abodes of joy and blessedness—from the ineffable effulgence of her Saviour’s presence—where all is peace and love ? Could we wish that she might exchange all this, and more than tongue can tell or heart conceive of joy and happiness—for pain and sickness, sin and sorrow—again to wander, a weary pilgrim, over deserts dark and drear ? Oh, no ! We sorrow not for her. For ourselves we mourn, that we are left behind in the celestial race. Let us press forward to the goal which she has reached, and mount the heavenly hills which she now treads. Oh ! let us feel, as she so deeply felt, that heaven and God, and the bright hosts of the redeemed around his throne—that these alone are objects worthy of all our thoughts—this our home, and these the blest society we hope to meet ! Then could we exclaim with her : “ Oh, the presence of Christ ! it is every thing—it is heaven to the Christian—and the Lamb is the light thereof.”\*

Her affections seemed continually to flow after Christ as the boundless ocean of her joy. “ He is

my *all—my all*,” she would exclaim; and again, “ How precious to lean upon Christ as we walk through the dark valley !” More than once she repeated that beautiful verse in the 23d Psalm—“ Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.”

Our dear Judith was taken sick on the 3d of January, and though every thing which an extensive experience and warm affection could suggest was done to arrest her fever, it continued to progress till the evening of the 14th, when she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. “ Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” In her life and in her death she has left us very much to console us in our sorrow, and soothe our afflictions.

Our dear babes and our little Henry Martyn are now under the care of a dear missionary sister, who was requested by their mother to supply a mother’s place until some more permanent provision can be made for them. I have written to our Board upon this subject, and it is possible that I may be called to take them to America at some future day. But of this I cannot speak with any degree of confidence. Indeed my short experience in the world has taught me that we know not what a day will bring forth. So that, as happy as I should be to see my dear *mother* once more, we must not anticipate too much. The best place of meeting is in heaven, where parting will be no more.

Were we to meet on the earth, the trial of *parting* might be more difficult to bear than a continued separation. I have lost none of my attachment to the missionary work. It is a work worth living for, and worth dying for. It is the cause of God, the work of Christ. Sometimes I feel sad that my friends do not write me. But God is my ever present portion. May I rejoice continually in him. May he be continually near to you, and bless you in all your ways, is the prayer of your affectionate son,

ASAHEL.

Ooroomiah, March 8th, 1839.

MY DEAR BROTHER IRA,—Yours of July 12th, and October 22d, reached me last evening, and I hasten to give you an immediate answer, though I must write in the midst of many interruptions, as I have the whole mission, including the supervision of five or six writers of tracts, resting upon me just now, the other brethren of the mission being absent on business at Tabreez. . . . By the last of my letters you will have learned that I am bereft of the dearest earthly object of my affections. How mysterious are the ways of God! How frequently and loudly are we admonished by the removal of one after another of our dear friends, to be also ready, to work while the day lasts, and do with our might what our hands find to do, realizing that the night of death is at hand, in which no man can work. I need not say that I feel the loss I sustain most

keenly. No language can express the agony of soul that comes over me at times, when I think of my own loss, and the loss which our three motherless babes have sustained in this trying event—doubly trying in this dark distant land. But I am wonderfully sustained, and have continued reason to bless the Lord for all his mercies, rich and abounding as they are, even in the hour of deepest trial. I have the most consoling evidence that the change which my dearest Judith has made is an inconceivably blessed one. Both her life and her death gave testimony to her unwavering attachment to her precious Saviour. *He was her ALL.* For him she was willing to toil and suffer. But the thought of dying and being freed from sin, and for ever enjoying his glorious presence, was most delightful. It was rapturous. For her to *live* was *Christ*, but to die was *GAIN*. “*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!*”

. . . 9th. I regret that you had not received my letter of advice written from Tabreez in May last, in relation to the disposition of the dear boys, whose case has given us so much solicitude. . . .  
. . . As I cannot at this distance be made sufficiently acquainted with all the circumstances of the case to give specific directions as to the best disposition of those dear boys, still I hope you will keep me particularly advised of all that is done for them, and I will give you all the suggestions and advice that I can in my situation. But you

must keep in mind that the amount and value of my advice will depend upon the minuteness and seasonableness of what you write to me respecting them. . . . . I feel anxious for many more particulars respecting their improvement, &c. &c. . . . Would it be difficult for those who have the immediate care of my dear sons so to awaken or keep up a filial interest in their absent father, as to make our mutual communications a source of deep and lively interest to them; so that they would be no less anxious to answer my letters than to receive them? I would not ask too much of those who have the charge of my darling boys. May I not expect that they will do what they can to feed the flame of filial affection in their bosoms, and by frequent and free communications to me respecting their welfare and improvement, do something to relieve the anxious solicitude which, under any circumstances, must weigh sufficiently heavy upon me? I hope that whatever arrangements shall be made, this point may be kept distinctly in view; that whoever has or may have the guardianship of those dear, dear boys, will make this one of their prominent duties, so that I may know what improvement my little sons are making, and what traits of character they are acquiring. How else shall I know what letters to write, or how to exert a good influence upon them? I did not intend to say so much on this subject, but knowing as you do a father's anxiety, you will pardon me. I cannot feel too

grateful for the lively interest you manifest in the welfare of those dear orphans. May the Lord reward you an hundred-fold.

Should your dear children ever be placed in similar circumstances, may all your care for mine be repaid to them by some kind Christian friend. . .

Yours most affectionately,

A. GRANT.

Thus early was Mrs. Grant removed by a mysterious Providence from the scenes of her earthly toils. "God's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts." We could have hoped that her life would have been prolonged for many years, as she seemed so well qualified for the field of missionary labors in which she had been employed. But God is wise, who took her to himself.

Dr. Grant tenderly loved her, and she seemed at least to fill the place in his affections which his first companion occupied. Mrs. Grant had very cheerfully made great sacrifices, and endured great trials in devoting herself to the work of missions in foreign climes. God soon rewarded her, we trust, for all her toils and sufferings in his cause.

Dr. Grant not only keenly felt the loss of his beloved companion, but he was also sorely tried, and his heart pained at the situation of his sons at home. Truly mysterious were these circumstances in Divine Providence, into which he was thrown, but they were to him furnaces of affliction not only,

but also of sanctification to his spiritual good. He who tried his faith thus severely, also gave him grace to sustain him under the burden of his affliction—and they seemed necessary to prepare him for the arduous labors and severe trials to which he was to be subjected during the remainder of his brief and weary pilgrimage.

The subjoined letter is also written to his brother, and reveals trials of a nature different in some respects from those recounted in letters immediately preceding.

Ooroomiah, Persia, Dec. 15th, 1839.

MY DEAR BROTHER IRA,—I think my last to you was from Mardin,\* in Mesopotamia, where Mr. Homes and I came near losing our lives, from the blood-thirsty Koords, who killed several of the chief men of the city, and sought to add us to the number of their victims. But the Lord providentially preserved us by leading us out of the city just before the commotions took place. When we returned we found the city gates closed, saw a great crowd of people in the streets, and heard that the chief officers of government had just been killed, while convened at the Governor's palace. We immediately retired to a convent, about four miles distant, where we were hospitably received and entertained by the

\* This letter has been mislaid.

Syrian Patriarch, with whom we had formed a friendly acquaintance. In the mean time a large party of Koords went in pursuit of us to the village we had just left. On their return to the city, learning that we had gone to the Syrian convent, they set out in that direction, declaring their determination to take our lives or demolish the convent. The party was said to amount to an hundred men ; but before they had passed the gates of the town, there arose a division among them, some saying, " What have these men done that we should shed their blood ?" and others, " Why should we injure the Patriarch, who has done us no harm ?" And thus, one after another left the party till it was so much reduced that the remainder resolved to return, and abandon their sanguinary intentions. In the night they went to our lodgings in the hope that we had returned to the city in the evening ; and subsequently they tried to find our property, which, however, we took timely measures to secure. After remaining a week at the convent I returned to the city, dressed in native costume, to arrange our baggage and make preparations to proceed to Mosul, while Mr. Homes returned to Constantinople.

My journey to Mosul was pleasant, and withal romantic, as we encamped in the tents of the wandering Arabs, and had fine specimens of pastoral life ; while our cheerful party was made up of Turks, Arabs, Koords, Nestorians, &c. &c. After spending seventeen days at Mosul, and visiting the

ruins of Nineveh, I set out on the 7th of October on a tour in Central Koordistan, or ancient Assyria. You know I have long been anxious to visit the Nestorian Christians inhabiting the almost inaccessible mountains of the lawless and sanguinary Koords. God has at length prepared the way before me, and brought me safely through their country, and after a deeply interesting visit of six or seven weeks among the Nestorian mountaineers, I have at length reached my former residence in Ancient Media. The results of my visit to that hitherto inaccessible region, where no European had before penetrated, I trust will prove highly subservient to the cause of Christ. The way appears now to be open for the missionary to enter that most interesting and promising field, and I fondly hope the day is not distant when those rocks and mountains will re-echo the voice of the heralds of salvation—and every glen and valley be filled with the high praises of our God. My journey through that part of the country was an arduous and difficult one, but highly interesting and satisfactory.

I had to walk three days through the Nestorian country where the roads were too difficult for mules to travel in safety. But though subject to some fatigue and privation, my health was much benefited, and I am now quite free from the distressing affections from which I have formerly suffered so much. I was every where received and treated with the greatest kindness, and found favor with

the Koordish chiefs, who all welcomed me as a benefactor, and were desirous that I should come and settle with them.

The Board have given permission for me to visit America with my children, a step to which I feel the more reconciled, as it appears desirable that I should have a personal interview with the Prudential Committee preparatory to labors among the mountain tribes. So I trust a visit to my native land will not prove a loss of time, but hope it may be productive of much good to the cause. . . . . You must not think of my staying in America, while the Lord has work for me here. . . . . I hope I shall find you near the *home* of our childhood. But I have learned that this is a changing world. Blessed be God, that we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Let us feel that heaven is our home. . . . .

I remain most affectionately yours,

A. GRANT.

How distinctly is the providence of God seen in the deliverance of these his servants ! Thus he delivered Paul ; and all who put their trust in him, will find him ready to help in time of need.

The following is another of those interesting letters written to his eldest son, in which his paternal feelings are strongly and warmly expressed for his far absent and beloved children.

Ooromiah, Persia, December 20th, 1839.

MASTER S. H. GRANT: MY VERY DEAR SON,— . . . Nothing gives me so much pleasure as to hear good news from my dear sons in America. I hope I shall get another letter from you soon, and, what is more, I hope to see you before the end of another year. Yes, my dearest son, you will again meet your affectionate father, who has been so long absent from you in this far distant land. O what a happy meeting that will be! Would that I could see you to-night, and press you to my bosom. O how much shall I have to say to you, and you to me! How many mutual inquiries and answers shall we interchange! And you will see your brother Henry Martyn, and your two little sisters Judith and Mary. What a company of us there will be! Let us see! Seth Hastings, Edwin Hodges, Henry Martyn, Judith Sabrina, and Mary Electa, and your dear father. Yes, if God spares us all another year I hope we shall meet face to face, and spend many happy hours together. You will have a great deal to tell me about your studies, about yourself, about your brother, and about a great many things you have seen, heard and experienced. Your brother Edwin will have a great deal to say too, and so will your brother Henry: and I hope before that time your two sweet little sisters will learn to talk and amuse you with their prattle.

And I shall have a great deal to tell you about these countries, and the strange people who live in

them. Perhaps you will become so interested in them that you will wish to come and live here.

During the past year, I have made a long journey from Persia—or Media as this part of the country was once called—through Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Assyria, passing by the mountains of Ararat, on which Noah's Ark rested after being tossed five months on the restless flood—and over the sources of the Tigris, or “Hiddekel,” and the Euphrates, two of the rivers which watered the garden of Eden. I also walked among the ruins of that great city Nineveh, where the prophet Jonah preached after he had been delivered from the whale's belly. As the men of Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonah, God spared the city. But they afterwards became very wicked again, so God destroyed them and their great city, as they were told that he would do, by the prophet Nahum. I should love to tell you a great deal about these ancient countries and places, for I think you would then become more fond of reading the Bible, which tells so much about them. I hope to see you soon, when we will talk of a great many things. I wrote to you from Mardin and Mesopotamia, and when I hear from you, I will write you again. I wrote you a long answer to your other letter, but I learned afterwards that my letter was lost—the country being very much disturbed when I sent it. . . . .

May God be a Father to you, and may we all

love and obey him, as "our Father," is the prayer of

Your ever affectionate father,

A. GRANT.

The following letter to his mother gives a touching account of the death of his twin daughters.

Ooroomiah, Persia, January 30th, 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—How often are we called to realize that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and have no continuing city here! But we are pilgrims to the city of our God, and though the way may seem lone and dreary, as one after another of the companions of our pilgrimage are taken away, bright glimpses of heaven cheer us onward, and we realize that we are nearer our home—*Home—sweet Home!* But for the prospect of repose in our Father's house—but for the precious truth, "there remaineth a *rest* for the people of God"—how could we sustain our accumulated trials in this vale of tears?

It seems as though my short life had been one continued scene of trials and bereavements.

The loss of my dear father, three sisters, and two brothers, was a cup of sorrow of which you, dearest mother, drank the bitterest dregs; and now that I call to mind what you must have suffered, I might feel reproved for naming my own trials in this connexion but to convince you that your far-

absent son knows something how to sympathize with, and feel for you. Though I cannot know all of a lone widow's solitude, the mysterious providence which has once and again taken from me the best of wives, the mothers of my children, has taught me something of the emptiness of earth under such bereavements—and now I know a *father's*, if not a mother's sorrow, in parting with beloved children.

The mortal remains of my twin daughters now sleep in the cold grave, by the side of their dear mother! Sweet babes! They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. They died and were buried in just a fortnight from each other, and now lie in *one* grave.

What a precious group! The *mother and her two infant daughters* awaiting together the morning of the resurrection! Far from home and country and friends, they have found a grave on one of Persia's loveliest plains—a grave upon which memory will ever linger with mournful interest, as the deposit of what I so much loved on earth. But their immortal spirits—where are they? Where Jesus is—in our Father's house. They have gone home a little before us. What an interesting circle of friends have we in heaven!

O mother! does not your wounded, bleeding heart aspire for the sweet repose of those blissful abodes, where God our Father will welcome you—where Christ our Saviour will welcome you

—where your sainted parents, the partner of your earthly joys and sorrows, your children and grandchildren, will welcome you ? Perchance, ere this, you have entered upon that rest which remaineth for the people of God. If not, we shall both go soon—are we ready ? Surely we have had enough to wean us from this vain, fleeting world. We have had admonitions too—I only wonder that we are spared so long. Soon we shall depart—we cannot, nor would we stay, when God shall call us hence. O happy change ! Still we should not be tired of this world, so long as God has work for us to do here. Perhaps God is sparing me to return and make provision for my remaining children. Perhaps he may spare us both to meet once more upon earth.

I look forward with interesting emotions to the day when I may once more see the face and hear the voice of my dearest *mother*.

But I can hardly realize that we shall meet this side the grave—so frail have been your prospects for life for a long time, and mine particularly so for the last two or three years.

But my health was much improved by my late tour in Mesopotamia and Assyria, though I was exposed to some perils, out of which the Lord delivered me. Still my health is not good, and the hope of improving it will add to the inducement of making a temporary visit to my native land—the main object being to provide for my children. I

hope that my visit may also be the means of advancing the work of the Lord in this dark land, and thus my time will not be lost. So far as I can lay my plans for the future, it is my purpose to leave here next summer, and reach America some time in the fall—how early I cannot say. But I am continually admonished that all human plans and prospects are very uncertain. Should I not live to see you, accept my cordial, my warmest thanks for all your kindness—your unwearied maternal kindness and affection to me and my orphan sons. May kind Heaven reward you for all you have done and suffered on my account.

Feb. 14th. My health is now pretty good, but I fear the effect of this cold winter upon you. May the Lord watch over and bless you. If my dear little sons are with you, or where you see them, I hope you try to make them think of their absent father with affectionate interest.

I remain, my dearest mother,  
Your affectionate  
ASAHEL.

It was indeed an afflictive but merciful providence that took to a better world those sweet babes! It is thus made known to his sons at home.

Orooomiah, Persia, February 12th, 1840.

S. HASTINGS AND EDWIN H. GRANT: MY DEAREST CHILDREN,—I wrote to Hastings not long ago,

and told him I hoped you would have the pleasure of seeing your little brother Henry, and your two sweet little sisters before a great while. But God has called your dear sisters to a better world, where your precious mother and theirs too have gone before them. Their fair bodies are both laid in one grave beside their mother's remains, while their immortal spirits have gone to God, who gave them. You will never see them in this world. It would have given me great pleasure if you could have seen their lovely faces. I anticipated the joy it would afford you to meet your two interesting sisters for the first time. But they are gone. They both died within a fortnight of each other—Mary of influenza, and Judith of measles, January 13th and 27th. Your brother Henry Martyn I hope you may see. He often talks about going to America to see his two brothers, Hastings and Edwin. Do you wish very much to see this dear brother? Will you like to teach him to read? He has no school to go to as you have in America. I hope that you, my dearest children, have good schools to attend, and that you try to improve your time to the best advantage. I am very desirous to see you both good scholars. I hope by this time you see something of the value of learning. If you would be useful to others, or happy yourselves, improve your opportunities for learning. Make good use of your time. Study to be wise, and learn to be good. Nothing will give me so much pleasure as to see

you good boys, and trying to do good. If you would be happy yourselves, you must make others happy. It is this that makes missionaries so happy in their work, as many are. They find it very painful to be separated far from their friends ; and especially to be long separated from dear children, as your father is from you. But we are *happy* in doing good to others. This, next to loving and obeying God, is the highest source of happiness in this world. People who are very ignorant cannot be very happy, or very useful. If they are ignorant of the *Bible*, they must be very unhappy. If they do not know and love God, they will be for ever unhappy. Those who have no Bible, and do not know and love the Saviour who is made known to us in the Bible, can never be happy. They will never go to heaven. But it makes us very happy to teach them the way to heaven. Would you like to have me bring home some of the poor ignorant children of this country, so that you can teach them the way to be saved ? to teach them how to be happy for ever ? What would you tell them ? When I get a letter from you, I will write you again. Be good boys, and the Lord bless you, my dear little sons. I wish much to see you.

From your very affectionate

FATHER.

Who can doubt that Dr. Grant tenderly loved his children ? Yet some were so cruel as to surmise

that he could not have loved them as he should, or he would never have left them. Our Saviour has taught us that, in order to be his disciples, we must love him more than any one else. But love to Christ that leads the missionary to leave his country, home and friends, is not inconsistent with love to them; and many a heart has bled, when constrained to part with its dearest earthly objects of affection, for the sake of Christ and his cause. Missionaries would prefer to take their children with them, but the influences are so corrupting on heathen ground, and in benighted lands, that it is very dangerous to bring children under them. Missionaries exhibit true love to their dear little ones, by leaving them at or sending them home, to be placed under good wholesome religious influences, that they may be trained for heaven.

According to his cherished arrangements, mentioned in previous letters, Dr. Grant left in the spring of 1840 the rugged field of his missionary labors, the dear country of his adoption—the land of Bochim to him, because of his numerous severe afflictions and bereavements—and returned to his native clime, that he might accomplish many and important purposes. His children were homeless,—the dear children whose amiable and excellent mothers had gone to the grave, and we trust a better world.

He took his infant son in his arms, and retraced his route on horseback, through glens and mountain

wilds, in a long, weary, dangerous overland journey from the plains of Ooroomiah to the port of Trebizond. Here he embarked, landing at Smyrna, and after a perilous voyage of seventy days he arrived in Boston. He hastened on his way to central New-York, and found a pleasant home in Utica for his little son Henry Martyn, born in distant Persia, on missionary ground.

He secured, also, as he supposed, permanent homes for his eldest sons, in favorable localities and Christian families, and made ample provisions, from his own funds, for their education at college, with the hope that, in due time, God would fit and incline them by his grace to join him in missionary labors, on the mountains of Kurdistan. Having, as he supposed, succeeded so well in his plans for his children, he lost no time in the indulgence of his social and kindly affections, as his subsequent communications show. He held important conferences with the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M., the results of which, under God, promised much for the advancement of the cause of the Redeemer in Kurdistan. He embraced every favorable opportunity, in his extensive travels in his native land, to address the churches on the subject of Christian missions to the benighted and perishing nations of the earth ; endeavoring, with all the powers of an attractive eloquence—the charm of words fitly spoken—the force of truth, in argument and appeal, and the zeal and devotion of all his

powers of heart and tongue, soul and body—to awaken a deeper interest for the promotion of the kingdom of God, more ardent believing prayer, and the consecration of property and life to the cause of God in the salvation of men.

But another very important enterprise engaged much of his time and attention—the publication of the valuable work from his able pen, entitled “The Nestorians; or the Lost Tribes: containing evidence of their identity,” &c. This was severely reviewed by one of the ablest oriental scholars our country affords. An edition of this work was published in England, where it attracted great attention. He remained in this country about six months, went on his return via London, where he indited the following beautiful letter to his mother.

London, April 21, 1841.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I did not think, when I parted with you, that I should next address you from this great city, or that I should not see you again till the wide ocean should once more separate us, perhaps never more to meet on the shores of time. It was indeed most trying to me thus to tear myself from you without a final farewell; and yet I dreaded that parting pang, that *sad farewell!* Perhaps this partly reconciled me to what seemed to be duty, to hasten away that I might lose no time in beginning the work in our new field. It seems probable too that I might have failed to secure a

copyright, or any avails for my book, in England, if I had delayed my departure till it was published in America. As it is, the work is to be published here and in America on the same day, and thus the copyright, it is believed, will be to all intents and purposes valid in both countries, which would not otherwise have been the case. Moreover, by hastening on, I hope to get through the hottest parts of Mesopotamia in season to avoid the hot winds of the desert, which are dangerous to the traveller during July and August. Had there not been urgent reasons, I certainly should not have thus left my dear, *dear mother*, without a formal *adieu*. I hope at least I shall often hear of your welfare.

I cannot now tell you much about London, or the thousand things I have seen and heard. But I am happy to say that I am in good health and have had a prosperous and safe voyage, while the last steamer from New-York—the President—we have reason to fear is lost with all hands on board. How dreadful! Let us bless the Lord for his mercies to us!

I remain your ever affectionate son,

ASAHEL GRANT.

It was a remarkable interposition of Divine Providence that hindered Dr. Grant from embarking in the ill-fated President, as he had designed to do. God had important work for him to accomplish, before he called him away to his rest in heaven. The

following letter points out the plans he designed to pursue in accomplishing that work.

Erzeroom, June 14th. 1841.

DEACON IRA GRANT: MY DEAR BROTHER,—  
You see that I am still in the land of the living, but whether I may be so when this reaches you, or whether this may find you alive, is more than I can foresee. Hitherto goodness and mercy have followed me all my way. My health, which was suffering at Constantinople, is quite restored, and I have endured the journey thus far quite well. In a few days I hope to pursue my way by the route I traversed last summer to Van and Julamerk; and after visiting the Patriarch and the Mountain Nestorians, go on to Mosul to join my associates and introduce them to the mountains. I trust the Lord will go with me and take care of me so long as he has work for me to do on the earth. May I then be prepared to enter into that rest which remaineth for his people. It seems as though the rest of heaven would be peculiarly sweet after the cares and toils of a missionary life. The work never seemed more arduous or difficult than it does at this moment, and never did I feel more sensible of my own unfitness for the work. I am ready to exclaim, “Who is sufficient for these things?” and what am I, that I should be employed in such a glorious work?

Tuesday, 15th. This is a wicked land; and it is

as true now as it was in the days of the Psalmist, that "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." I have just returned from the palace of the Pasha. On my way there I saw a man hanging by his neck near one of the city gates. He was suspended by a rope from a pole which was supported on low crotches. He had been hanging there three days to warn others against crime. He was a Koord, and had been guilty of robbery and murder. At the palace I saw several other Koords chained together and put into prison for stealing. Others had been bastinadoed till they were nearly dead. One man was sentenced to receive a thousand blows upon the soles of his feet at the rate of two hundred a day for five days. The authorities often cause people to be bastinadoed in this manner to oblige them to confess, when suspected of crime. While at the palace I was told of a man who confessed after receiving two thousand lashes. Trial by jury is unknown; bribery is very common, and justice is fallen in the streets. O for the blessings of an enlightened Christian government, and the pure morality of the gospel! American Christians hardly know what they owe to the gospel; if they did they would exert themselves more to diffuse its blessings through the world. The change is really very great in coming from America to these benighted corners of the earth. Confidence is scarcely known; the traveller goes armed, not knowing but he may

be robbed and murdered by the first man he meets ; and usually the people join in caravans for mutual protection.

Friday, 18th. I have been detained here some days for a safe opportunity to proceed. I have now engaged horses to proceed next Monday (21st) in a caravan to Van. We shall be about a fortnight on the road. I pay about \$9 for the use of two horses (including their keeping and driver); one of them will carry my food and effects, which consist mostly of medicines and books, with change of clothing—the other I ride. There is a scarcity of bread through the surrounding country amounting almost to a famine. It is said that many deaths have occurred from starvation in this city. But bread is now cheaper, and the forthcoming crops promise abundance.

The political prospects of this country are still dark—wars and rumors of wars—but our confidence is in Him who says, “*Be ye not troubled.*” The Lord will yet arise to shake terribly the earth, to prepare the way for the spread of the gospel, for the glorious reign of the Prince of Peace.

I do not regard my prospective journey to the central parts of Koordistan as entirely free from peril ; but I shall use caution, and trust that He who has often delivered me will still be my protector and “a very present help in time of trouble.” May his presence be with you, and with all my dear, dear friends and children in my native land.

My thoughts are often with you. Let me hear from you **OFTEN**. I shall anxiously look for letters from you.

With much love, I remain as ever,

Most affectionately yours,

A. GRANT.

The succeeding letter was written to Rev. Wayne Gridley, who had in his care Edwin, the second son of Dr. Grant. It gives a thrilling account of the adventures of a pioneer missionary in the midst of a benighted nation.

Koordistan (en route to Van), June 24th, 1841.

MY DEAR BROTHER GRIDLEY,—I write you, seated upon the ground, among the mountains of the wild sanguinary Koords. My umbrella, sustained by a small pile of merchandise from our caravan, affords a partial protection from the beams of a noonday sun. It is the only shade I can find, as there is not a tree nor a house to be seen. Around me our horses are grazing, with their immense pack-saddles still upon their backs. They carry them day and night, though they seem like a load of themselves, and weigh some fifty pounds each. Upon these they carry a load of from 300 to 350 lbs., in two equal parcels, suspended upon each side. You would be surprised to see a horse of no more than ordinary size carrying a load of 400 lbs., consisting of two large chests of goods, for some

hundreds of miles over mountains more precipitous and difficult than you have ever seen, and through paths worse than you have ever travelled.

In these parts, they have neither roads nor carriages of any sort. In some of the smoother parts of Asiatic Turkey, rude ox-carts may be seen ; but in most parts of the East, not even these can be found. Horses are the ordinary beasts of burden. Mules are used, especially in the more mountainous and difficult regions, in some of which they are the only animals that are available, as among the independent Nestorians, where horses cannot travel. Camels are used chiefly on the deserts and plains, to which they are peculiarly fit. Donkeys and bullocks, and even cows, are also used to carry loads ; but they are seldom employed on long journeys. The horses employed in caravans often wear bells, precisely like those worn by sleigh-horses in America. This custom of putting bells on the horses appears to be a very ancient one, as it is alluded to by one of the prophets ; and I am led to think that " holiness to the Lord," written upon "the bells of the horses," is a figurative expression, denoting the consecration to the Lord of the merchandise and other property which such horses are accustomed to carry—for the custom of wearing bells is confined to the horses employed in the conveyance of goods. Whole cargoes of merchandise are now annually carried through Turkey into Persia, and find their way many hundred

miles from the sea-coast into the interior, while the caravans carry back the produce of the respective regions they visit, to be shipped to Europe and America. This was formerly the only mode of conveying the products of India and China to our markets, and the caravans were then of immense size. The Genoese, who were extensively engaged in this trade, had a line of fortifications on the main route for the protection of their caravans, and perhaps as places of depot and trade. Now only a few *Khans*, or *Caravanserais*, are to be found, where caravans may stop for the night, when the season will not admit of their remaining in the open air. They are the Eastern INNS ; and miserable inns they are, when compared with our well-furnished hotels. They consist of stables more or less spacious, one end of which is usually raised a very little, and separated by a low railing to keep the horses separate from their masters, or riders. The accommodations correspond to the structure of the inn. The traveller may deem himself fortunate, if he obtain plain food for himself and horses. The food he must often cook, if not provide for himself, and the luxury of a bed is out of the question.

In winter, a smoking fire of dried manure is kindled to supply the necessary warmth, if the temperature is not sufficiently raised by the breath of the horses.

In summer, the place is rendered almost intoler-

able by the myriads of fleas, and other insects, by which it is infested, so that a seat in the open air is usually much to be preferred. Under these circumstances, a tent is very desirable ; but for a single traveller, the expense and trouble is often an objection, as extra horses and servants become necessary. On the post routes, it is better to obtain post horses, if the country is safe. But on my present route, I could not avail myself of this mode of conveyance ; and the road is deemed too perilous to travel alone. I therefore deemed it expedient to join a small caravan, and share with the natives the exposure to cold and heat, in the open air ; and what is more trying to my patience, to proceed at their slow pace.

This is our third day from Erzeroon, and we may be ten more in reaching Van ; though a good horse might perform the journey in one half the time. This morning we mounted at four o'clock, and proceeded over hills or mountain ranges till half past seven, at the rate of about two miles an hour, when we came to a good place for the horses to graze, and nothing would induce the *bash-catirgee* (head muleteers) to proceed. Here we are, about forty in number, exposed to the hot sun till two or three o'clock in the afternoon, when we shall reload and proceed some ten miles farther to encamp for the night in the open air ; and so day after day. Not one with whom I can exchange a word in my native tongue, but Turks, Armenians and Koords as

they are, they all speak *Turkish*, and in this I converse, think, and dream.

June 25th. Last evening we crossed the Aras, and encamped upon its banks. The water was midway upon the sides of the horses ; but we succeeded in fording with the loads without any other accident than wetting some of them a little ; to avoid which, the loads were raised by means of chopped straw, put under them upon the pack-saddles.

In the night, some of the horses belonging to the caravan were lost, and it was thought they must have been stolen by the Koords. In consequence of this the men having charge of the loads were obliged to remain till they could find the lost horses, or make some other disposition of their loads. The travellers who had joined the caravan for safety were unwilling to submit to this delay, and more than half of the whole party set off soon after sunrise. I was of the number, and after riding nearly thirty miles, I find myself seated with a party of twenty-two or three Koords, Turks and Armenians, with our effects strewed around us, and preparing to sleep as usual upon the ground, with a small travelling carpet or quilt and my cloak for bed and bedding. Thus provided, I sleep very comfortably, though the nights are chilly, and the dew is so heavy that our covering appears as if it had received a pretty smart shower, in the morning. The sun is setting, and I must bid

you good night, and see if I can get a little rice boiled for my supper. It would seem almost cruel to wish you were here, to see our strange plight, and partake of our primitive fare ; and yet I can hardly suppress the wish that you could be gratified with the novelty of the scene, and myself with the sound of your voice, and the sight of your face, if it could be without the fatigue and exposure of a journey through these wild countries. This would require some very painful motive, like that which carries the missionary through all his privations, fatigue and perils. The presence of the Saviour sweetens every care ; and I trust you will not cease to pray for his continual presence and protection with your pilgrim brother. By the way, my companions have given me the appropriate title of Pilgrim, or *Hadji*, perhaps from my solitary situation, without any other attendants than a sick muleteer and my fellow-travellers.

26th. Last night our party were thrown into great consternation by a false alarm of robbers ; but it proved to be nothing more than a movement of our horses, one of which intruded upon the bed of an Armenian priest who had fallen asleep in a state of great apprehension. He gave a sudden cry which brought every one together, screaming as though their doom was sealed. At length, one began to inquire of another what was the matter, as they were still unharmed, and saw nothing to produce such alarm.

June 29th. The country through which we have been travelling has almost been abandoned to nature, so that, with the exception of villages at long intervals, we have been travelling a wilderness—but not a forest—for scarcely a single tree have we seen in our route.

The want of a good government, the ravages of the Koords, and the existing famine (for there has been almost a famine for two years past), have nearly finished the work of depopulation which the Russians begun in their late war with Turkey. Many of the Koords have also left this region, and gone beyond the Persian frontier, but parties of them occasionally roam about for the sake of plunder and open robbery. We have just been alarmed by such a party, who sent out one of their number to reconnoitre. But one of our men discharged his gun towards him before he had come near enough to see how poorly we were protected, when he beckoned for some of us to come to him, and after making some inquiries as to who we were, etc., turned back. For some time we expected an attack from the party, about eighteen in number, but they finally moved off in another direction, and left us to pursue our way unmolested. We were entirely at their mercy, though more numerous than they, as not more than half of our party would have had the courage to raise a finger in self-defence, and they were but miserably provided with weapons. The sight of a few guns, and the warm

reception their spy met may have been the means of our safety. I see not how people can travel in such a country without some show of defence; though they need not use their weapons, or even have them loaded unless in some desperate or extraordinary case. I think that our ultra peace men would have their views somewhat modified if brought in contact with a party of these wild, sanguinary Koords, though he might remain as much of a friend to peace as ever, and even love the cause more than before. I speak now only of self-defence and a show of it; and this particularly with reference to the people of the country. If the foreigner or the missionary can place himself under the protection of others, as he ordinarily may, he will avoid the necessity of carrying weapons himself; but he must often be the only judge in such a case; and should he feel it a duty to make a show of defence, the Christian public at home should be slow to sit in judgment in the case. I have more than once wished myself armed when exposed to immediate danger—and yet I would make it a *general* rule to go unarmed.

Van, July 3d. I reached here in health and safety on the first instant, and am making my arrangements to proceed, after a couple of days, to the residence of the Nestorian Patriarch, which I hope to reach in the course of next week. I have much occasion for gratitude for the protecting care of our Heavenly Father thus far, and I trust in the

same Almighty Protector to watch over me, during all my wanderings. I have yet the most toilsome part of my journey before me, and it is that part that has been regarded as peculiarly dangerous. But I do not regard the danger as very imminent, and, with my acquaintance with the country and the people, I trust I shall pass through without harm, relying always upon the strong arm of the Lord for protection. I cannot doubt but prayer is offered for me in the arduous enterprise in which I am engaged, and I feel a sweet confidence, that whatever becomes of such a weak and unworthy instrument as I am, the cause of God among the dear Nestorians will go forward, and all his glorious promises concerning Israel will be accomplished. I find more and more in the opinions of both Mohammedans and Christians in these parts corresponding to the views I have taken of the "*Times*" in the book of Revelation ; and it appears that while the latter, who apply the 1260 years to the Mohammedan powers, derive their authority directly from this book, the former must have obtained their views from the same source, since both apply the period as denoting the continuance of Islam ; and they interpret it in accordance with the popular *era* of that power, leaving only about three years for its continuance—in its present form at least. This I have learned incidentally from both the Mohammedans and Armenians on my present tour. I ought in justice to spend some time in a more full development of this important subject.

I have much more to say to you than I can commit to a single sheet of paper, and I sometimes almost regret that I did not spend more time with you while I was in America. But I must cheerfully submit to the privation of Christian society—the fellowship and personal communion of those I so dearly love, and try to make my voice heard from the mountain-tops. Whether we ever meet again in this world is more than I can say. If our lives are spared a few years, it is at least possible. Let us bear each other in the arms of faith to the throne of grace, and be faithful unto death, when we shall wear a crown of life.

Do let me hear often from you regarding my son. I want to know every particular, whether good or bad, concerning him. Encourage him to write also. I have the most entire confidence in your care and management of him. Let me know from time to time, what progress he makes in study, and the improvement of his habits, and about his religious views and feelings, his health, etc. May the Lord in mercy watch over you all, and keep you as the apple of his eye.

Your affectionate brother,

A GRANT.

The letter that follows tells of bereavements.

Mosul (Mesopotamia), October 1st, 1841.

MR. IRA GRANT: MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—  
I think that my last to you was from the mountain

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fastnesses of the Independent Nestorians in Ancient Assyria. I am now seated within a few minutes' walk of the once proud capital of that primitive empire—the “great city Nineveh”—over whose ruins I often take a morning ride, treading upon the dust of thousands and even millions, who will one day rise upon these extended plains !

I reached Mosul on the 25th of August, after a somewhat perilous journey, and just in season to administer relief to my new associate, the Rev. Mr. Hinsdale, whom I met here for the first time. To all human appearance, his prospects for life would have been small had I not reached here when I did ; and he could not but feel that the Lord had sent me at a most unexpected moment for the preservation of his life.

You will have heard of the death of my other appointed associate, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, who fell by the way three or four days' ride from this place. His wife survived less than a week after she reached Mosul. Her death was in consequence of a premature confinement after the death of her husband. Mrs. Hinsdale has also buried an infant daughter, and suffered from fever. The cause of Mr. Mitchell's death is not very obvious. He was removed very suddenly after a few hours' sickness with delirium. Mr. Hinsdale has nearly recovered, and his wife is in comfortable health.

My own health has been uncommonly good the past summer, and I have great occasion for grati-

tude for the preservation of my life, when danger and death have been round about me. . . . . It is past ten o'clock, and as I make it a strict point of duty to keep early hours and take care of my health, I must bid you good night. Praying that the Lord may watch over you and your dear family, and that his banner over you may be love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, I remain, with much love to you all,

Your ever affectionate brother,

ASAHEL GRANT.

Oct. 12th. . . . I have just learned that the mountain Nestorians have been conquered by the Turks and Koords. This in the end may be overruled for good. See my comment on the two witnesses in my work on the Lost Tribes of Israel.

ASAHEL.

Rev. Colby C. Mitchell was a man of superior powers. The writer of this, being a fellow-student, was intimately acquainted with him. He pursued his studies under great privations, and while in Yale College he sustained himself in part by manual labor—sawing wood, &c., for citizens in New Haven, Connecticut. It was a mysterious providence that cut him down thus early, with his accomplished companion, just as they were entering their labors; but we trust they have entered into rest.

How sweet to the missionary is the remembrance of a mother ! This is seen in the following letter.

Mosul, October 2d, 1841.

MRS. RACHEL GRANT : MY EVER DEAR MOTHER,—I write you from the land of the patriarchs and the fathers of our race. The sun is up, but I think of my dear mother as resting in the repose of the midnight slumbers, while our setting sun will not yet have reached your western meridian.

Would that I could suspend my thoughts upon the sunbeams, which would convey them with so much speed to my ever dear mother. How often do they flit to you with more than lightning speed, but they cannot be read by MY MOTHER.

What a flood of recollections comes over me at the sound of that name, "my mother!"

Shall we meet again, and *when*? Had I thought more of the uncertainty—the improbability rather, of our meeting again on the shores of time, I know not that I could have embarked without seeing you again and taking a more formal leave.

But oh, how painful are these *farewells*!

Such a separation, with the final adieu, might have been more trying than my sudden departure—more trying than either of us could have endured. We meet again. Let it be our aim to prepare for that meeting where parting is no more. Once more, my dear mother, I commend you to God and the word of his grace—to the widow's

covenant God. Let us often remember each other at the throne of grace. I want to hear of your welfare as often as I can. I trust you see some of your grandchildren often, particularly your favorite Edwin. . . . I have great confidence in Mr. G. as a good guardian, but still I cannot help feeling some solicitude on account of my dear absent sons.

Have you read my book on the "Lost Tribes?"

If you have, you see what important business occupied my short time in America, and I hope the conviction that I was well employed, and the good that may result, will reconcile you to the fact that I spent so little time at home. I felt that my time was not my own, and I was desirous to spend it to the best possible advantage to the cause of Christ. How much do we owe to Him, our dear, precious Saviour! . . . .

Your ever affectionate son,

ASAHEL GRANT.

The trials of a missionary in being separated from the objects of affection, are touchingly depicted in the two subsequent communications.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, Jan. 12th, 1842.

DEAR BROTHER GRIDLEY,—I have been waiting with as much patience as possible to hear from you, but am compelled still to hope and wait. *Patience* is one of the first and last lessons a missionary has

to learn. Not a day passes during his whole career but he needs her aid. Patience with the people in all their unreasonable waywardness, their hard-hearted unbelief, gross superstitions, daring, high-handed wickedness, and abominable idolatries—patience for the fruit of his arduous toils ; patience with himself, and patience with his friends at home, or rather with the force of circumstances which prevents him from hearing from them. And considering all the anxiety the missionary must feel for the dear objects of his affection who are so far away, it is often no easy matter to summon to his aid enough of this virtue, when days and weeks and months of hope deferred prey upon the heart, filling him with a deeper sense of his lonely, distant exile, if not with forebodings of evil to those he has left. At the best, this feeling is sufficiently painful, and makes an important item in missionary trials ; but when months, or it may be years, have passed by without bringing intelligence from dear friends, the suspense becomes almost intolerable. What changes may not have occurred within that period ! we exclaim. At length, like cold water to the sinking pilgrim on the parched desert, good news from a far country is received. Our trials vanish, our hearts are filled with joy and praise ; though even then, as we look back upon the date of our intelligence, and think what changes those months have brought with them—changes unknown to us—we need not a

little confidence in the paternal care of our Heavenly Father to feel that all is well.

You will ere this have heard of the loss we have sustained in the early removal of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, which is a sore bereavement to us as a mission. But in this mysterious providence the Lord has no doubt some wise design. May it not be to appeal to the churches at home in tones that the living missionary could never utter? In the alarming illness of my surviving associates, God has also spoken to us; and he is now speaking to us in the dispensations of his providence regarding the mountain Nestorians. He is calling upon us to put all our confidence in him, and prostrate ourselves with strong crying and tears before the mercy-seat. Never was fervent prevailing prayer more needed than it is for the Nestorians in the mountains at this moment. They are in sore trials. God is carrying them through the furnace to prepare them, I trust, for himself. They have been besieged by determined enemies on either side, who are urged on by the same spirit of fanaticism which dictated the memorable watchwords, "The Koran, the Tribute, or the Sword." About the time I left the mountains last August they were invaded by an army of Koords and Turks on the north, who burnt the house of the Patriarch, and subjugated, or partially subdued some of the smaller tribes of the Nestorians. More recently they have been besieged by a Turko-Koordish army on the south

and west, sent against them by the pasha of Mosul.

But this army returned towards the last of December, without being able to obtain any advantage over the Nestorians; on the contrary, the latter having assembled to the number of several thousands for self-defence, invaded the Koordish territory on the removal of the army, and destroyed or plundered many of their villages. But the matter will not end here. Preparations are now making to send a large and strong force of Turks and Koords against the Nestorians the ensuing spring or summer; and in all human probability they will fall, and cease to be an independent people. In fact it appears to me that we may date the loss of their entire independence from the attack made upon them last August, when they were so far subdued, that their supreme head, the Patriarch, was driven a houseless wanderer to seek refuge in their more inaccessible fastnesses.

This leaves a period of just three years and a half to the end of the 1260 years of the Mohammedan era, and thus adds to the probability that this power will fall at that time—an opinion to which I am strongly inclined, from additional evidence, continually accumulating.

In the third part of my work on the Nestorians, you will see that I have anticipated just such a time of trial for this people, and that, so far from being discouraged by it, my hopes only brighten, in the

near prospect that the day of their redemption draweth nigh, and consequent blessings upon the world.

I am also cheered in Hosea, 5 : 15—“*In their affliction they will seek me early.*” I think of the trials that are falling so heavily upon this remnant of Israel, and remember that it was in reference to them especially that the prediction was given as evinced by the connexion. Let us fervently pray that their afflictions may be the means of leading them to return and seek the Lord with their whole heart.

I find increasing evidence of the general correctness of my positions regarding the identity of the Lost Tribes, and I am glad to learn that my book is favorably received in America—of which I hope to hear more particulars. A few copies of the London edition, 8vo., have just reached me, but I have little news of its reception in England. Hoping to hear from you soon and often, I remain, most truly and affectionately yours,

ASAHEL GRANT.

Mosul, January 17th, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. GRIDLEY,—My thoughts often, very often recur to you, and with mingled emotions of interest, gratitude, and affection; but it is often with the thought that you and brother Gridley will perhaps hardly forgive me for not returning to bid you a last farewell, and give you a few hours of

social intercourse, and a talk to your people before I left my native land. But, dear sister, could you know at what a sacrifice of feeling I forfeited that pleasure, in obedience to the voice of Providence, of duty, as it appeared to me, you certainly would not cherish one reproachful thought. No, not one. You would rather go away and weep in pity for me ! Often, very often has the question recurred to me, whether I did right in thus hastening away, but as often has it been answered by the subsequent events of Providence. To say nothing of the publication of my book in England (which, for certain reasons, it was important should appear there as soon as in New-York, and which entered into the list of reasons for hastening my departure), I should probably not have been able to enter the mountains the past year, had I been any later than I was ; and thus a visit, which was worth the whole voyage and journey, would have been lost ; and had I been any later in my arrival at Mosul, it is altogether probable that I should have been called to mourn the loss of both my associates instead of one ; for I found brother Hinsdale in a state the most critical, and without help he would probably have soon sunk past all recovery. I am happy in being able to say we are all now in good health—my own being better than before my visit to America. How I wish that brother Gridley and yourself could be associated in my interesting work here. We expect to maintain a station at Mosul, and have one or

more in the mountains, as soon as the disturbances subside. The Lord bless you and yours, my dear sister, is the prayer of

A. GRANT.

Who, that has a relative or friend employed as a missionary in distant lands, can fail to write to them frequently, when these communications give such pleasure as is hinted in the letter following.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, March 15th, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER GRIDLEY,— . . . I have few correspondents, and I depend the more upon them. On my part I will try not to be negligent about writing, at least as frequently as I hear from you. At such times, I feel like sitting down and talking to you in the most free and familiar manner, and you will not be surprised that the dear objects in my native land occupy much of my thoughts—for it is then especially that I feel almost transported back to your dear happy circle—and yet I would not go now.

In relation to myself I can still say that goodness and mercy follow me continually. I have been spared any severe sickness thus far, since my return to the east, though my health is at no time *good*, in the American sense of the term. I feel that I may be cut down suddenly—but not till the Lord of the harvest shall see fit to call me from the field. My visit to America was of great benefit to

me, but too short in its influence. As a means of providing for my dear children, I have much reason to be grateful for the success of my visit; and from the incidental evidence I have seen of the success of my *book*, and the effect of my personal visit to the churches, I would fain hope that my time was by no means lost to the great cause in which I labor.

Had it not been for the apparent importance of my agency in the commencement of labors in the new parts of our field, I might, perhaps, have profitably protracted my visit a little longer. Whether that visit will be ever repeated is still hid in the distant future.

. . . I was so fortunate as to obtain a number of the New-York Observer, through the favor of Mr. Beadle, some months in advance of the regular series—which are sent us—containing an abstract of the proceedings of the Board at Philadelphia. From this I should judge that the meeting must have been one of uncommon interest. I cannot but hope, and confidently believe, that the startling developments of financial embarrassments will open the hearts and treasuries of the Lord's stewards, and that more prayer will be offered in accordance with the beautiful model left by our Lord himself. *When Christians pray as they ought*—which implies the culture of a deep and lively interest in the cause—*the treasuries of the Lord will be full, to overflowing.* I am anxious to get the

proceedings and results of the adjourned meeting at New-York, held in January. We are sadly perplexed for the want of help; and I sometimes fear we shall sink under the burden that rests upon us with such a crushing weight, before the churches will send us help. We have two new stations to sustain, and two men to occupy them. Work enough for twenty or one hundred men lies before us, but for the want of help we are unable to enter upon any extensive plans. God has opened these ancient churches to American Christians, but if they will not send men to enter them, help will arise from some other quarter. The Lord's work will go forward, however our horizon may be darkened by lowering clouds. Could we arise above them on the wings of faith, all would be bright and clear, and we should feel as we have never done, how blessed the privilege of engaging in such a glorious work.

The mountains are again quiet, for the present at least, being shut up by impassable snows. I hope to re-enter them within a month from this time, if the Lord will, and it is rather probable that brother Hinsdale will accompany me—though I fear he cannot remain long at present, for want of some one to leave with Mrs. Hinsdale. It is trying to be absent myself, subject as they are to sickness, and needing my presence on other accounts. They cannot well remove till we have others to take their place here. We wait and hope with a heavy

draught upon our patience. There are many favorable indications here, though in the face of a very strong Papal influence. There are now four Romish missionaries in this city—others in Bagdad—supported by the whole influence of the French Consul General at Bagdad; and a French Papal Consul is soon expected here also. They are anxiously looking towards the mountain Nestorians. We must prepare for a severe struggle—the last great battle. The political elements also look threatening. Every thing is in a transition state, and great commotions may attend the yet greater change that is to follow. So dark is our horizon at times, that our only consolation is the blessed truth, *the Lord reigneth*, and that all his glorious promises will be fully verified. Many of them seem specially applicable to us.

The rich consolations I derive from the study of those promises in the preparation of my late work, far more than compensate me for the labor bestowed upon it, if there were no other good to be derived from it. I find much to corroborate my positions. The suggestions that I threw out, that the Jacobite Syrians of Malabar in India, and from the west of the Tigris in Mesopotamia, are, in part at least, children of Israel, are like to be verified by their own traditions, and other evidence found among them. I learn this from a very intelligent evangelical Bishop who is now here from India, and is aiding our cause. But I have not room or time to give particulars now.

I have few correspondents that I may be the more intimate with those few. . . . We have had a mild winter—no snow here—lowest temperature 5° below zero.

This morning the mercury was at 50°. Plenty of snow on the mountains in sight. Mr. Hinsdale is a dear brother. . . . We often speak of you, and pray for you and your dear family. Remember me to all our mutual friends who may inquire respecting me. I always feel bad when I think how short was my time in Clinton. You see I write at hurried intervals, with many interruptions. You probably find the more important Missionary facts in the Herald. If you want others, tell me what. You may perhaps see one of our Bishops with Mr. Perkins—What is the influence of his visit and the impression he leaves? With much love to dear Mrs. Gridley, I remain, as ever,

Yours most truly,

A. GRANT.

Missionaries, on being invited, would willingly communicate intelligence of their labors to individual churches of their acquaintance, which, read publicly, might create more interest, prayer, and benevolent sympathy for perishing souls.

Tiyary (Koordistan), Sept. 28th, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER GRIDLEY,— . . . I rejoice to hear of any increased attention to the vast con-

cerns of eternity, and of a growing interest in the missionary cause. I shall not forget your request for matter to interest your people ; and if they can induce the Board to send me more help so as to leave me a little leisure, I may venture to make a promise to write you fully and frequently. As it is, I find my hasty letters filled with private matters ere I am aware ; and hasty letters I must continue to write while such a crushing weight of care and labor rests upon me. You see I am once more a *mountain pilgrim*, and, for the fourth time, a *sotitary* one, so far as regards missionary associates. During the last two months, I have traversed these wild mountains in almost every direction, and, having decided upon a site for a station, have purchased a lot and commenced building. I laid the corner stone of the first mission-house in the Nestorian mountains a week ago to-day, at Asheta. I have also made a beginning in opening schools on a small scale. My first has twenty scholars—have engaged native helpers, the best to be found—am trying to dispense the precious gospel. But I need help. I hope to introduce brother Hinsdale here in a few days ; but unless more laborers arrive very soon I must spend the winter here *alone*, as brother H. cannot with propriety leave Mosul for any considerable time, until others are ready to take his place there. Though I am often exposed to great fatigue and privations, my health has been remarkably preserved.

I know not when I shall find time to answer Dr. Robinson ; but he has laid himself open, by his many errors in the review of my work, to a cutting reply. Others, I understand, have reviewed him. . . . Remember me to all friends, and believe me most truly and affectionately yours,

A. GRANT.

Oh ! when shall this world be fully supplied with preachers of the everlasting gospel ? When shall this perishing, wicked world be converted to God ?

“ Hasten, Lord, the glorious day !”

How is the faithful servant of God obliged to deny himself the privilege of communion with dear friends.

This is especially seen in the following letter.

Koordistan, Oct. 5th, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot tell you with what peculiar and lively interest, my thoughts ever and anon return to my far-absent *mother*. I try to imagine her present situation and prospects. I am not without fears for her health and happiness in her declining years. . . . . I cannot but wait with some solicitude to hear whether you have made a visit to the far West. It seems quite an undertaking for you to go so far. . . . . The mention of your visit to Connecticut revives the recollection of my first visit to that land of steady habits,—the

home of my forefathers and yourself. . . . . I regret that my sense of duty did not permit of my spending some days with our friends there during my late visit to America. I flatter myself that I shall not make so much haste to return, if I ever visit my native land again. Should you be spared a few years longer, this will be a strong motive for me to make such a visit, which is indeed not very improbable, if my life is prolonged. At present, I have a very important work to do in the establishment of our mission among the mountain Nestorians, and I do not see how I can be spared, until other laborers are firmly settled here, as God in his providence has given me advantages here, which would be difficult for a stranger soon to acquire. Through the friendship of the chief of the Koords, the Patriarch, and the people generally, I have been able to travel and labor where the safety of another person would have been quite doubtful.

I am now on my fourth visit to these wild mountains, and am making preparations for the residence of expected associates, by building a mission-house, &c.; have opened two or three schools, and labored from village to village, from house to house, in every part of the mountains, which I have now traversed in all directions, though wars and rumors of wars have resounded on every side during the past year; but I have pretty well learned the lesson taught by our blessed Saviour, "*Be ye not troubled;*" and the same lesson I would enjoin upon you, as the echoes

reach your ears from this distant portion of the earth,  
*be ye not troubled.*

The Lord has indeed been very gracious to me in the preservation of my health, and guarding me from dangers seen and unseen ; and oh, how gracious, how merciful has he been to you and me, in giving us the precious hope, that when the toils and dangers, cares and sufferings, pain and death are no more, we may meet again in a brighter, better world, where many, very many of our dearest friends have gone before.

“ This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way,  
While each in expectation waits  
To see that blessed day.”

And now, my dearest mother, let us cherish this glorious hope, and live especially for eternity, with the glories of eternity in view. And whether we next meet again on earth or in heaven, let our mutual prayers ascend for each other. And here let me honestly beg of you to pardon me for every unnecessary care or pain I have given you, whether in the days of wayward youth, or in riper years. Would that I could make amends for all.

From your far-absent son,

ASAHEL GRANT.

P. S. Oct. 28th. My dearest Mother : Your very welcome letter has just reached me, dated May 12th, and I cannot tell you how thankful I

feel for it, and for all the information it contains respecting my dear children. I feel all the yearnings of a father's heart for them, and shall try to provide in every way for them, even if I am obliged again to leave my important work here.

A. G.

When will the church at home feel and assume the responsibility of caring for the dear children of missionaries? The children of such parents may be expected to be very promising. It would be economy of time, money, and every thing temporal and spiritual to relieve the missionary of his children. He has trials enough without these unnecessary ones.

The following short letter shows that the beast and false prophet were combining against the people of God, to frustrate the labors of his missionary servants.

Tiyary, Koordistan, Nov. 3d, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER GRIDLEY,— . . . . .  
Since my last, I have been joined for a time by our friend and brother, Rev. A. K. Hinsdale, who is now at my side. He will return next week to Mosul; but I have some hope that Mr. Laurie, who is now on his way to Mosul, will be able to reach the mountains to spend the winter with me—leaving his wife at Mosul. But as the higher summits are getting their winter clothing, I have some fears that he may be too late, and I re-

main alone ! Bro. Hinsdale desires an affectionate remembrance. We have just had a visit from a Papal Bishop, and an Italian Priest, from Rome, who have returned without present success. You will get particulars in the Herald.

I write in great haste, and remain most truly  
Yours,

A. GRANT.

In the conclusion of the following letter, in reference to the review of his work on the "Lost Tribes," Dr. Grant shows his characteristic prudence, and power of self-government.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, Feb. 14th, 1843.

REV. W. GRIDLEY : MY DEAR BROTHER,—. . . .  
Both of the dear brethren who were sent out two years ago as my associates, have fallen, and those who are taking their places are without experience or the language. Our whole work seems to be thrown back almost two years by the loss of those dear brethren. But the time has not been lost. My tours and residence in the mountains have, I trust, been the means of an important *preparatory* work ; but it has been chiefly preparatory. So entirely unused were the mountaineers to every thing foreign, that it was no small object to familiarize them with the person, character, and objects of strange men, from the "new world ;" and espe-

cially, to secure their *confidence*. The difficulty and importance of this can be but faintly appreciated by Christians at home. Like a thousand other things, connected with missionary life, it cannot be spread out on *paper*, for the churches to look at. I sometimes fear that Christians at home will begin to feel disheartened at the slow progress in our work.

Not that as much has not been done as could be effected with the means at command. But with their raised expectations, it may be, that Christians are not prepared to wait for a great *preparatory* work to be done.

And yet this is, in my view, the chief work that has been done in most of our missions ; and an important work it is too.

I also fear that Christians at home may not feel their own responsibility regarding the *success* of our work. It is the work of the *church*—we are only her agents. We depend for success *solely* upon the Holy Spirit ; and this is given in answer to prayer—the *prayers of the church*—the prayers of each individual member of the churches at home, as much as upon the feeble supplications of us, who are borne down with the burden and heat of the day, in the “dark places of the earth.” Let this be seen and understood and **FELT** ! I can say little of our prospects, except that I have made partial preparations for a permanent removal to the mountains, and I hope to re-enter them in the

course of next month, to complete the arrangements, trusting Mr. Laurie may be able to remove his family early in the summer. It will be a secluded post, and not quite free from danger. But the Lord is our keeper, and in him is our trust. . . .

I remain ever yours,

A. GRANT.

Feb. 16th. I see that Dr. Robinson continues his attacks upon me, and my book, and I am in doubt whether I should remain silent or reply to his reviews. Every important point can be abundantly sustained against his attacks, which are based upon indefensible premises—erroneous information, chronology and history. But still I have no wish to appear in self-defence, unless my reputation or the cause of truth will suffer by my silence. What course ought I to pursue in this matter? Mr. Laurie sends the love of the "*brethren.*"

Affectionately yours,

A. GRANT.

How full of comfort is the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty to the devoted missionary, laboring amid many and mighty discouragements! His only hope is, "THE LORD REIGNS."

Mosul, March 9th, 1843.

MY DEAR BROTHER GRIDLEY,—My last letter will have told you of our bereavements and trials

in the death of brother Hinsdale. These have kept me here during the winter. I am now making preparations to return soon to the mountains, accompanied by brother Laurie.

March 17th. Tell me what you know of the effect of the return of brethren from Syria upon public sentiment, &c. I have my fears for the influence upon Mar Yohanan of the marked attentions—the *lionizing* he has received in America.

We are in danger here from the influence of a kind of semi-papacy,—“high churchism,” alias “Puseyism,”—lately brought here by a nominal Protestant missionary, who has been trying to prejudice the people against us and our work. There is also much in the state of the country that is trying to our faith. But THE LORD REIGNS.

March 25th. We have at length got a regular post to run twice a month between this and Constantinople. Quite an era in our history. I trust it may facilitate our correspondence. I have been ill a few days, but hope to be off to the mountains the first of next week. My health is not so good as before my last trying tour. Brother Laurie suffers much from headache. Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Hinsdale, with her young son, are tolerably well.

Entreating a continued remembrance in your prayers,

I remain ever most truly yours,

A. GRANT.

Rev. Abel K. Hinsdale was born in Litchfield county, Conn. He was a classmate with the writer in Theology, at Auburn, New-York. He was possessed of a very kind heart, endowed with excellent judgment, keen penetration, and ardent piety. He enjoyed the advantages of a finished education, and was a very fine scholar. He would have made a most excellent missionary—but his race was very short, and we hope his tired spirit is now enjoying the raptures of heaven.

The subsequent letter was written to Edwin, the youngest son of Dr. Grant, by his first wife. It will be observed in his letters to his sons, that he adapts his compositions to their age ; at first, when very small boys, he writes to them almost entirely in monosyllables, and in the simplest language ; but as they grow older, his style is elevated to their higher capacity.

Mesopotamia, March 10th, 1843.

MY DEAR SON,—I was very glad to get your letter of last September. I hope you will hereafter write to me much oftener, and write longer letters. I want to hear all about yourself, your happiness and improvement. You should try to improve your style of writing. For this you will require practice. If you have an opportunity to attend a good writing-school, ask Mr. Gridley to send you. But your improvement in this and every other particular must depend chiefly upon your own efforts. You are

fast becoming a *man* in age. Become one in *character* and *habits*. I am glad to hear of your improvement in your studies. You say nothing of your teacher. I hope you try to secure his affections by your good conduct. Try especially to gain the love of your kind *guardians*. Give them no occasion to be displeased with you, and I venture to say that you will have little reason to be dissatisfied with them. Your own happiness and theirs will thus be promoted. Tell me from time to time what books you read, as well as what you study. The *Bible* I trust you will not neglect, nor let a day pass without reading it prayerfully. I wrote you a long letter last month, and sent it via England. I am getting ready to return to the mountains as soon as the snows so far melt away as to render them passable for mules. We have had no snow here this winter or last, and it has hardly been freezing cold. The grass and grain are now quite green. Fresh onions, lettuce, &c., are brought in from the gardens. The rivers are swollen by the rains, and the melting in the mountains. In consequence of this, the bridge of boards is removed, and people cross the river in ferry-boats. These are so badly constructed, that the horses, &c. have to be assisted in getting over the sides. Most of the streams which are not fordable, are crossed on rafts of inflated skins, which are connected in rows by means of poles. These rafts are used in conveying produce, merchandise, and passengers down

the river to Bagdad. Something of this kind was used more than two thousand years ago on the Tigris and Euphrates, as you may see in Herodotus and Xenophon. The Arabs often cross the river supported by a single inflated goat or sheep-skin, sometimes making their flocks and herds swim over with them. You may now see them carrying their lambs in their bosom. It is the custom in this country to seal letters instead of signing the name with a pen.

The French Consul is employing men to dig in the ruins of Nineveh for antiquities. Bricks and stones are found in the ancient Babylonian or Cuneiform character. But we cannot read them: I will try to send one to you by and by, also some other things. The Turkish soldiers have lately made a great massacre at Kerbela, near Bagdad. Neither age nor sex were spared. It was a religious war. One Mohammedan sect against another. Poor miserable country !

I write in haste, and remain, most affectionately,

Your father,

A. GRANT.

March 17th, 1843. Your letter of November 9th reached me yesterday, and gave me great pleasure. Let me have many more letters. I hope you have, ere this, received your share of the things I sent last year in a box to America. You will have to wait patiently before I can send you any

thing else, but you will not be forgotten. I have not time now to write to your Sabbath School Missionary Meeting. I am glad to see that you are interested in such things. They form the great object for which we should live. Next to the salvation of your own soul, seek to promote that of those who are perishing without the light of the gospel.

Give much love to dear Mrs. Gridley, with my warmest thanks for all her care of you. Try to please her, and thus you will contribute to the happiness of

Your ever affectionate father,

A. GRANT.

P. S. We have got a Turkish post just established between this and the capital, and this goes in the first mail *to-day*.

March 26th.

Thus it is seen that the missionary of the cross is instrumental in introducing the facilities of intercourse, as well as the arts of civilized life. Who knows what good may flow into that country by the establishment of that post? Commerce owes much to the missionary;

“ But where the gospel shines  
It spreads diviner light.”

The views given in the next letter are very important. A true spiritual union is devoutly to be

desired. But every effort at formal external union and uniformity has failed, and must fail, until God pours out his Holy Spirit from on high, to sanctify and cement the hearts of his people by the love of Christ.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, March 24th, 1843.

MR. IRA GRANT: MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . . . The great desideratum, in my opinion, is to get more of the spirit of Christ infused into all parties in the church, and then, as each of his true followers reflects *his image*, each will be recognized by the others as a branch of the same “vine.” Upon the fundamental principles of faith we are agreed ; and we have one common object to accomplish—the conversion of the world—one common enemy to encounter, with whom all our united energies are required in the conflict. Under whatever cognomen or uniform we have enlisted, let us go forth to the conflict like the various regiments in a great army, at the command of one redoubtable commander, and we shall find a *union of heart* springing up and cementing of far more value than any unity of forms or name. How is it that that apostolic preacher Knapp is so cordially welcomed by Christians of other denominations ? Is it not that he has so much of the apostolic spirit, so much of the *millennium* in his heart and life ? The same spirit will produce union any where ; and it is the only spirit that will produce it.

In England a party has arisen in the Episcopal church, who are striving to effect universal union by going back to the traditions of the *fathers*, and apparently much nearer to Papacy than Protestantism. They have sent out one of their emissaries to counteract our efforts, and prevent our "sowing discord" by undermining Episcopacy and outward forms of these eastern churches. In their estimation the essence of all union is in a regular apostolical succession of the clergy, i. e. in Episcopacy, and if you will only adopt this, you may immerse or sprinkle as you please. But, wanting this, we poor Dissenters are out of the way of salvation, while the Papists with all their abominations are acknowledged as brethren! O for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, to melt and cement all who bear the name of Christ into one bond of perfect love! In these eastern churches, questions of outward form are the entire order of the day. How shall they make the sign of the cross? Shall the bread of the Eucharist be leavened or not, mixed or not with oil? Where shall the anointing oil for baptism, &c. be obtained? How and by whom shall it be consecrated? &c. &c. The life of godliness is wanting. My health, I regret to say, is not so good since my last tour in the mountains as it was before. I have been more particularly indisposed of late, and I have written this upon my bed. But I am a little better, and hope to be able to set out for the mountains in a very few days. I am anxious to get our

mission securely established there before I am laid aside or called away from my work. I have just received a very friendly letter from the Patriarch, in which he calls us his countrymen, and says we are sons of his villages as much and more than he is himself. The country around is quiet at present, but how long it may remain so none can tell. Convulsions must attend the dissolution of these Moslem powers, an event which cannot be very distant.\* The Koords too will manifest their restless spirit in various ways. Thus far the Lord has been my Protector in the midst of perils, and I would still trust him for the future. . . . . Should I ever return to America, I hope to see more of you and your dear family than on my last short visit. But all this is very uncertain. We meet again—but where? When? If not on earth, at the Judgment! and I trust in a brighter, better world, where parting is no more! With much love to your dear wife and family, and our dear mother when you see or write to her, I remain ever,

Your very affectionate brother,

ASAHEL GRANT,

\* Dr. Grant seemed to have a premonition of the coming storm which was to descend upon the beloved but rugged mountains of Kurdistan; or rather, he saw through the glass of prophecy—into which he often gazed with anxiety and astonishment—the gathering clouds which portended a coming storm near at hand.

The beginning of the letter which follows, relating to revivals and the missionary work, deserves prayerful consideration.

The letter under date of Oct. 14, reveals sad things for the mountain mission. O how deeply was Dr. Grant interested in the result of that terrible conflict! So great was his anxiety to avert the fearful destruction that came down like a devastating flood upon his people, he plunged fearlessly into the most imminent perils, thereby exposing himself to the charge of temerity! It was the love of Christ, and his cause—the love of those dear perishing Nestorians, that induced him thus to expose himself to danger and death. God spread the shield of protection over him, and he was safe.

*Asheta, Tiyary, May 5th, 1843.*

REV. W. GRIDLEY: MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your very welcome favor of Feb. 20th, reached me on the evening of the 3d, and another letter from Boston of March 1st. So that you see that these wild mountains are little more than two months from America! So much for improvements, of which the establishment of a regular Turkish post between Bagdad, Mosul, and the Capital, is not the least. So recent news makes me feel that the distance between us is diminishing. I hope you will often improve these new facilities. I have no cause to complain of you on this score, but am very greatly obliged for your promptness and fidelity. . . . The news of the state of

religious feeling in your church, and many other places, is truly encouraging. The hope of the missionary cause, rests mainly with the spirituality of the churches at home, and in the converts who are added to their numbers. My ardent prayer is that the latter may be a race of more devoted, spiritual Christians than any that have preceded them. There must be more entire consecration to the service of God before the world is converted; and as the day draws near I trust that the young disciples especially will feel that upon them rests new responsibilities. Our fathers, and the elder members of the churches, have done well in beginning the missionary work, and bringing it up to its present position. But this is only a beginning of the work to be done, and the labors of our missionaries hitherto have been for the most part only *preparatory*. Much preparatory work still remains to be done, but when it is accomplished, and God in his providence has prepared the way, as he is fast doing, we may expect such an outpouring of the Spirit as has never yet been witnessed. For this God is first preparing the way by his movement among the nations. We see it in these Mohammedan lands, and there are indications of yet greater changes. The storm that may be needed to purify the atmosphere may prove most trying to our faith and courage; and possibly it may for a time derange all our plans, and interrupt our labors. I am strongly impressed with the idea that these Mohammedan lands

may become the theatre of war and commotions, perhaps of a terrible character, which will issue in the demolition of the civil persecuting power of Islam. As the indications of the near approach of that day grow stronger, the jealousy of the Moslem government increases. All our movements are narrowly watched. One of our most unassuming and inoffensive missionaries has been charged with political designs; one Pasha has recalled a boy from school on the same charge. My own life has been sought by another Pasha, both through the agency of Koordish assassins, and by complaints to government that I had political objects, and was fortifying myself in these mountains! I had just escaped the jealousy of a Koordish chief by promptly responding to his call, and showing him in *propria persona* my conscious innocence, and friendly disposition. It was a trying question, whether to put myself so immediately in his power, but I believed the interests of our mission would be best promoted by so doing; and after prayerful consideration, I resolved to present myself at the castle of the chief, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the Patriarch and Nestorians. The event proved that I was right. In the former case my life was saved by a providential call to Mosul before the sanguinary orders that had been issued could be carried into execution. The Koords are still alarmed, believing that our visit and prospective residence in their midst is the harbinger of their downfall—an event

which they believe to be near at hand. Such are a few of the considerations which led me to suggest that the expiration of the 1260 years of their era—1844–5, might terminate the power of Islamism in these lands, believing as I do, that the 13th chapter of Revelations relates to their power and religion. See my book upon this chapter, et seq.

I intended to have made some remarks in this letter upon Dr. Robinson's review of my book. But I have only time to say that it contains many and important errors not noticed by Mr. Hamlin, relating especially to the *historical* argument, which is the most important to be sustained, and susceptible of being placed in a very different light from that in which the reviewer has left it. His main argument, that the ten tribes were not as a body carried away, rests upon an *anachronism*, an error of five years, in the history of the Reformation of Hezekiah, which occurred in the first year of his reign, and the captivity in the sixth. To prove that they were carried not into Assyria proper, but only to the river Chebar in Mesopotamia, he asserts that Commentators are agreed in regarding this river the same as Habor of 2d Kings, than which nothing is farther from the truth. He entirely overlooks the fact that Ezekiel and others, *after* the destruction of the kingdom of Israel, applied the name Israel equally to the other tribes, which can be shown beyond a doubt. So also with the fact that Assyria (Dr. Robinson himself being witness

—see his “Calmet,”) was under the Medes during the entire Babylonish captivity, to the time of Cyrus’ conquest of Babylon, and consequently, the ten tribes in Assyria and Media could not have become amalgamated to any extent with the two tribes, during the captivity of the latter, as the reviewer would have us believe. These are but *specimens* of his errors in the original review. In his reply to Mr. Hamlin he has not mended the matter, having committed several errors as to matters of fact, such as that the Jews of Hamadan and the South of Persia speak the same language as those living in the Nestorian country, which is not true ; and his position against Mr. Hamlin’s testimony that he (Mr. H.) had seen only my personal attendants : when he gave in his evidence regarding their physiognomy, the fact was that he was in daily intercourse with many of the mountain Nestorians, and also with Jews. As to the language of these Jews, the reviewer manifests his entire ignorance of its exact resemblance to that of the Nestorians. The *identity* of the two can be clearly established.

There are other errors which I have no space even to allude to now. It has required no small share of patience and self-control not to come out in a public reply to Dr. Robinson. Perhaps I ought still to do so. But Dr. Anderson seems rather desirous that the question should not be further agitated, and I still adhere to my original

resolution, not to turn aside from present duty for the defence of what was written in the midst of many and pressing cares.

I see that Mr. Perkins' book is highly commended in the papers. But from the extracts given, I should think it was compiled from his former published communications. Complaint is made of great want of correctness in the map. I hope it may do much good. I am glad to hear that he and the Bishop (Mar Yohanan) are on their return, their arrival at Smyrna having been reported—also that I have new associates in Dr. Smith and Mr. Bliss. At present my responsibility is rather increased than diminished, having to advise them as to hastening at once to the mountains, in this unsettled state of the country. The measure seems important, but is it entirely safe? We have much occasion to make God our trust. With much love to Mrs. Gridley,

I remain most affectionately yours,

A. GRANT.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, Oct. 13th, 1843.

REV. W. GRIDLEY: MY DEAR BROTHER,—You have doubtless heard of the commotions which have again driven me from the mountains, of the violence and bloodshed that have filled the dear Nestorians with wailing and woe. The storm swept like a destroying tornado over their mountains, laid low their peaceful habitations, and many of their most ancient and venerated churches; and when

hundreds had fallen, and hundreds more were driven into captivity, the enemy retired, carrying away the flocks and herds, and whatever was most valuable, leaving the poor Nestorians who had escaped captivity and death, little else but their rocks and streams stained with the blood of fallen friends and foes. A noted Koordish robber was left with a ruthless band to feed upon whatever might remain in the four or five villages that were spared from the late flourishing and populous district of Tiyary. In the tribe of Diss, the late residence of the Patriarch, the destruction was proportionably great; but that tribe is much smaller. The remaining tribes finally submitted to the large exactions made upon them by their invaders, and suffered comparatively less. But through the whole mountains, such is the destitution, that, notwithstanding the efforts the people are making to rebuild their houses, and prepare for the coming winter, the suffering must necessarily be great, and there is reason to fear that famine may boast more victims than the sword. What then, you may ask, are our prospects? Hitherto my thoughts have been too much engrossed by present calamities, to dwell much upon the future; and now, when I turn my thoughts to the mountains, they look dark and dreary to the sight. But methinks there are rays of light behind this darkness, visible to the eye of faith. We may yet see that all has been ordered for the best. The Nestorians needed humbling,

and they may find it good to have been afflicted. Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth. "In their *affliction* they will seek me early." For the present, the obstacles in the way of personal labors in the mountains are increased, great as they were before. But they may not prove insurmountable. Though fully aware of the obstacles in the way, of the many perils that beset my path, I have proposed to the committee to return again to the mountains in the spring, provided that the *churches*, whose messenger I am, will support me in so doing. But at the present crisis, I want to know the views, the wishes of those who have sent me forth. For more than four years past, I have exposed myself to dangers in this arduous enterprise, which have subjected me to the charge of temerity, and even of "courting death at every step." And should I now go forward to encounter new dangers, perhaps greater than those from which I have escaped, or should I fall by the hand of violence, (and who can tell how long that hand may be restrained?) what will be the voice of Christians at home?—that I fell, as a Christian soldier should fall, at the post of duty—or a victim to my own unwarrantable rashness?

This is a practical and important inquiry; and you, my dear brother, may help me to answer it. What are your own views? What is the opinion of the friends of the cause, so far as you know, in relation to my past course and exposures? What

will they think of my returning to the mountains, exposed to the tender mercies of the Koords, with none but God for my protector? On the one hand, there was never a more important time for action. The Nestorians are humbled; their hearts are softened by affliction, and now, if ever, they need the consolations of the gospel. Though great havoc has been made, the great mass of the population, some tens of thousands, still remain. The field is wide, and ripe for the harvest. On the other hand, the dangers are no doubt considerably increased—the Nestorians can no longer afford protection to the missionary, and, under God, I must rely upon the precarious protection of treacherous, sanguinary Koords. What shall I do? Hitherto hath the Lord helped me; and I would still trust Him to throw over me the shield of his protecting arm, if I can rest assured that Christians at home will entreat the Lord for me. Will they sustain me by their benediction and their *prayers*? We have work to do here in Mosul among the Jacobite Syrians, and other classes of the people, and I trust a station will be maintained at this important post. Neither should we feel at all discouraged in relation to the poor Nestorians in the mountains. They have the word of God already in their hands, and those who can read it to the people. Let the Spirit of God then descend in answer to the prayers of God's children in beloved America, and a great and glorious revival may fill these now desolate

mountains with joy and rejoicing—a resplendent light to enlighten the surrounding darkness. Who will not pray for it ?

Yours,

A. GRANT.

How it does cheer the heart of the missionary to know there are those who sympathize with him and his ! The following, to his mother, exhibits it.

Mesopotamia (in sight of *Nineveh*), Jan. 12th, 1844.

MY EVER DEAR MOTHER,—I had the very great pleasure of receiving your letter . . . . about a month ago. . . . . Last week I received a letter from Hastings, saying that you had been in Princeton, and was going thence to Bridgeport, Conn., &c. What a traveller mother has become, and what enterprise does she display for a woman of her years and health, to thus travel about alone ! Many thanks for your kind affectionate interest in my dear children, that thus leads you to visit them at so much trouble. I am happy to hear that they have a *grandmother* to care for and look after them.

. . . . It has been a source of great trial to me that I spent so little time with my dear children and my dearest *mother* ! But you know the reason, and it is useless to regret it now. Should I be spared to see America again, while my mother and sons are alive, I must try to make amends. When that time may be, I cannot now say—possibly in the course of another year ! But every thing is

uncertain, and I would not raise hopes to be disappointed. Still I shall seek to know what is duty in the case, and then act. . . . I can feel for you in all your trials. But there is ONE who "knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust," who knows far better how to pity our infirmities. Lean, my dear mother, upon *Him*, knowing that he careth for you. Do not feel anxious for me—I am in comfort and safety, sitting here by an *American stove*, with plenty to eat, drink and wear—not as I was in those wild, dreary mountains. Wherever I may be, I am ever your own

Most affectionate son,

ASAHEL.

P. S. You will have heard of the sufferings and slaughter of the poor Nestorians, and pitied their sad condition. Many hundreds have fallen by the sword, and hundreds more driven into captivity. And now, with their country left desolate, their means of subsistence destroyed, many of them have come down to the plains; and we have sixty or more of them in our own mission-house, dependent on us for support. I try to preach to them the best way I can about Him who was rich, but for our sakes became poor, and had not even where to lay his head. We have also formed the children and youth into a school, which is taught by their own priests and deacons. We have work enough to do, though shut out of the mountains for the pre-

sent. Many sick come daily for relief; and the beggars come for food. But, poor souls! they are in greater need of the Physician of souls—of the bread of life.

I am glad to hear that Edwin has received the "*Student's Manual*" from his grandmother. It is a good book for him, and I trust he will be induced to read it often, and with attention. I have ordered a fancy Bible from London for him, and one for Hastings, as a "New Year's present from their Father," hoping that they may thus be induced to read more frequently and carefully that best of all books. I trust that you, my dearest mother, make that the lamp to your feet in your pilgrimage toward your heavenly Father's house! If this finds you among any of our friends, give them my regards.

Ever yours, most affectionately,

A. GRANT.

Mr. Gridley, to whom the following letter is written, accompanied Rev. Drs. Anderson and Hawes to the East.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, Jan., 1844.

REV. W. GRIDLEY: MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your favor of Dec. 6th, from Smyrna, reached me on the 6th inst. You could hardly have made the tour under more interesting circumstances, and I trust you will

find it both pleasant and profitable. Yet such is the state of society and civilization in all the stations, you will see that you will have to imagine a greater change than you have observed in coming from America there, before you can fully appreciate the character of our wild mountain field. Since we were driven from the mountains, the Nestorians are coming to us. I addressed forty or fifty yesterday upon repentance as contrasted with their forms and ceremonies. We have a small school of the boys and girls on our premises, which may yet grow into something important, should our station be continued, as I trust it will be. The Papists are drawing away many—the French government has authorized money to be expended for their relief. But our Puseyite neighbors are our worst enemies! I must leave you to learn these matters at Constantinople, and talk to you more about home affairs. . . . I feel perplexed, distressed, and know not what I ought to do. I have just written to Dr. Anderson, . . . asking his advice, whether I ought not to make another and longer visit to America, and I have referred him to you for some of the facts. . . . He will know how to requite confidence in a matter of this nature.

Should I return to America it would be pleasant to be of your party, but I cannot go so soon, perhaps not for a year to come—if I go at all—as I fear I must. It would be far more pleasant to wait and labor here, at least till the convulsions attendant

on the fall of Islam, that shall drive us from the field—if indeed we are not overwhelmed in its ruins. We hear of “wars and rumors of wars” in these parts, and the horizon looks dark for the future. But out of all the Lord will cause his light to shine, and make the wrath of man to praise him. It is a precious truth that *the Lord reigns*. My time is cut short, and I am obliged to close this hasty communication. Would that I could see you, and talk face to face of many, many things which I cannot write. Let me hear from you often, at least as long as you stay in the East. Praying for the blessing of God upon your journeys and voyages for the restoration of your health, I remain ever,

Your affectionate brother,

A. GRANT.

The mother of abominations and her Puseyite daughter did the Nestorians and their beloved missionary teachers much evil.

How trying for a missionary to leave his field of labor, is seen in the next letter.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, March 22d, 1844.

REV. W. GRIDLEY: MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . You will doubtless have learned from Dr. Anderson, that he has advised me to return to look after my children. “It is quite evident,” he says,

"that they all need their father's personal presence for a time ;" and you will not wonder, I presume, at his advice, as I know you do not dissent from his views.

The thought of leaving is more trying than ever before—more so than I anticipated before the decision was made. But perhaps, on the whole, I can better be spared now than at any other time. At least, I must go for a season. . . . . With no home for myself, much less can I hope at first, if at all, to have one for my children, except as the Lord shall provide, through the care of kind friends. . . . .

The chastening hand of God still rests heavily upon the poor Nestorians. More trials, and several more deaths from the Koords in the mountains, and the pestilence scourging them here! Several have died in our mission-house from an epidemic fever, of a typhus character, that has also cut off many in the villages, both in this vicinity and in the mountains. Then their prospects for the future are very dark and uncertain. A Turkish and English Commissioner are here, to look into their affairs, and try to improve their condition. But it is a difficult task, and I fear that little to the purpose will be done.

There is talk of sending them back into their mountains, with the bare promise of the Koords for their remaining unmolested. But they would go back as subjects. Heavy taxes would be demand-

ed, heavier at least than they would be willing or able to pay ; and who can say how soon the tragic scenes we have so recently witnessed will all be acted over again ? But whatever is done, we have a door of usefulness open in some department or sphere of labor. Even now I have attentive and serious listeners to the truth from Sabbath to Sabbath—from fifty to one hundred at a time ; and many opportunities through the week to impress the spirit and precepts of the gospel. Brother Laurie has a small assemblage of intelligent and promising Syrians every Sabbath, at a Bible class or informal exposition, with practical exhortation and remarks ; and judging from the alarm of the adversary, I think he is doing much good. My health, I am happy to say, is tolerable ; though I am never quite well. I feel the need of a respite from the cares and perplexities—more than the toil—of missionary life.

But I dread the excitement of public meetings and addresses at home—and which I may feel constrained in a great measure to avoid. Upon the whole, I can hardly say whether there is more of pain than pleasure in the prospect of again visiting my native land. One thing I know, that if I did not feel satisfied that duty called me to return, I should stay where I am. Let me hear from you again.

Yours, very truly,  
A. GRANT.

Dr. Grant's ardent hopes expressed in the subsequent brief letter, were never realized.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, March 23d, 1844.

MR. IRA GRANT: MY EVER DEAR BROTHER,—  
I know not whether you will be surprised to learn, that ere this reaches you I may be on my way to America! From my letter of January 12th, you will understand the chief motive of such a visit. I think I then stated that I had felt called upon to lay the case of my children before Dr. Anderson (the chief secretary of our Board, now in the East), and ask his advice. I have since received his answer—saying, “I think you had better go home and look after your children. . . . . It is quite obvious that they all need their father’s personal presence for a time.” . . . . I find it trying to leave my missionary work. But the events of the last few months, in interrupting our plans, have been preparing the way—so that I could perhaps never be better spared from the field than at this present time. Still, I have much to do in the care of fifty or more Nestorians in our mission-house, and in proclaiming the truth from Sabbath to Sabbath. The prospects of the Nestorians remain very dark and uncertain; and through all these lands, no one can tell what a day may bring forth. This is the last of the twelve hundred and sixty years of the Mohammedan era, when many of their

own people have predicted the fall of their power. A demand has been made that the Sultan shall guarantee, under his own hand and seal, that he will no longer put men to death for their religious faith. This strikes a blow at the foundations of their system. If he consents to the demand, the fanatical of his own nation may rise in revenge. If he refuses, the English and French may anchor a fleet in the Dardanelles or Bosphorus. We wait with much interest the result. . . . .

With much love to your dear wife and children,  
I remain ever most affectionately,

Your brother,

A. GRANT.

Dr. Grant was evidently much engaged in the study of Scripture prophecy, that he might be able to understand the signs of the times. His lot was cast in a land to which undoubtedly many of the prophecies refer, where many of them have been and are yet to be fulfilled—when, Omniscience only knows. It will be seen, that Dr. Grant's first and last letters were written to his beloved *mother*.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, March 23d, 1844.

Mrs. RACHEL GRANT: MY PRECIOUS MOTHER,—I write, not knowing where a letter may find you, but, wherever you are, to assure you of the warm affection with which you are ever regarded by your ab-

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sent *Asahel*, and the pleasure I feel in the thought of again beholding the face of my *mother*! Yes, my dear mother, your son will soon return! That son who has been the joy and sorrow of your happier days, will return, if the Lord will, to cheer his *mother* in the decline of life. Other cares and other duties may divide his attention, but he will not, it is fondly believed, give you so little of his time, and his presence, as on his former brief visit. The time I may remain, should I live to see my dear native land, and the circumstances in which I may be placed, must be left to future events of Providence to decide. But if I can in any way be the means of comfort and consolation to my dearest mother, it will go far to make amends for the pain of our long separation. May He who tempers the storm to the tender lamb, and who styles himself emphatically the widow's God, watch over and bless you, my mother!

My heart is too full when I think of my lone mother, to allow me to say much of myself.

But you will not be uninterested to know that, while my health is not at any time *good*, and while I feel the need of a short respite from the cares of missionary life, I am now in comparative comfort, and free from any great bodily pain or suffering. I feel at times the weight of the trials through which I have been called to pass, and the deep afflictions that have come upon my dear Nestorians. You will have heard of their dreadful sufferings

through the public prints—yes—and prayed, perhaps wept over them. Poor afflicted people! it pains me to think of leaving them. But my own children must receive a father's care, and be made to feel the effects of a father's love. It is on their account that I am constrained to return at least for a season. Nor is this altogether unexpected to me. When I consented at the call of the committee to return so soon to these lands, it was with the express understanding that my children would perhaps render a subsequent visit necessary. Should I, therefore, be permitted in the discharge of my high trust, my paramount duty to them, to see my mother again, before we pass over the Jordan of Death, this will be a privilege for which I have rather longed than hoped to enjoy. But should nothing unexpected intervene, the prospect now is, that I may stand once more on the shores of America in the course of the coming fall. Till then, my dear mother, farewell.

Your ever affectionate son,

ASAHEL.

These high hopes and expectations, Dr. Grant never realized. He never saw that cherished mother, those beloved children, friends, home and country again! In less than a fortnight, he was prostrated in his last illness, upon his death-bed; and just a month from the time that he indited his last letters, he “fell asleep in Jesus!”

Dr. Asahel Grant died at Mosul, Mesopotamia, April 24th, 1844, aged thirty-four years, eight months, and five days. The concluding letter, from Dr. A. Smith, gives an affecting account of his last illness, and death. His afflictions were many, his toils were arduous; and the burden of his cares and sorrows was almost beyond the power of human endurance. Thus early has his useful life terminated. No wonder he sunk so soon. His was a life of toil and tears. His last was his greatest affliction, and which he felt the keenest—the desolation of his missionary field, which he had begun successfully to cultivate. As the seed which he had sown was springing into life, it was crushed into the dust. As the tender vine he was instrumental in planting in a promising land began to show signs of fruit-bearing, it was plucked up by the roots. But his labors, we trust, have not been in vain—at home or abroad. His humble, zealous, faithful efforts as a Christian, in his native land will not be forgotten or fruitless—a harvest is now gathering on the plains of Ooromiah, which may be the fruit of his seed-sowing,

connection with his fellow-laborers in that fruitful field. And even the remnant of his beloved but suffering mountaineers may yet rise up and call him blessed. We hope his published works, and those yet to be published, and even this humble effort, will prove that he lived and labored not in vain in the Lord.

Mosul, Mesopotamia, April 29th, 1844.

MR. IRA GRANT: DEAR SIR,—You doubtless remember receiving a visit in the summer of 1842, from a physician and clergyman, a relative of Mr. W. E., of C., who informed you that he was then expecting in a few months to leave America for the purpose of joining your brother Asahel in his missionary labors among the mountain Nestorians. That person was your correspondent.

Little did I think at that time that it would one day become my duty to watch over your brother's sick and dying bed, and then to communicate to you the sad intelligence of his decease. But so it is; and though I would prefer another should fulfill this task, yet having seen and formed a slight acquaintance with you and your family, I suppose it will be more satisfactory to you to have a line from me than from my associate. But to proceed. The melancholy event which I am called upon to record took place on the 24th inst., after an illness of eighteen days. His disease was the typhus fever. When I arrived in this city a month since, I found your brother enjoying pretty good health, but yet not as rugged as I could have wished to see him. Four or five days afterwards he appeared to pay peculiar attention to his diet at table, but yet said nothing of being unwell. On Friday the 5th inst., he mentioned to a visitor that he was not well, and in the afternoon, thinking that he might have taken cold, used a warm bath and perspired freely. On

the next day, and also on Sunday morning, he was well enough to eat his meals with the family, but after that he never again came to the table, neither did he afterwards leave his room. On Monday it became evident that he was threatened with a severe turn, and after consultation with me, concluded to treat his case actively, and, if possible, break up in its early stages the fever which had already commenced. He was well enough to counsel about his disease for three or four days later than this, and then feeling his mind to be becoming weak, he requested me to take the care off his hands, which I accordingly did. On the last day on which he was well enough to attend to business, or converse about general matters, the post from Constantinople brought letters for him, from Mr. and Mrs. W. of Utica, and from yourself about his children, and especially about Henry Martyn. As he was unable to read them himself he requested me to do it for him, which I did, while he explained several particulars of the case which they narrated. . . . . He expressed his purpose to bring the child back with him on his return to the mission field. Thus much have I digressed from the main object of this letter, thinking it would be a satisfaction to you to know the last views which your brother expressed with regard to his now orphan children. This conversation was on the 11th. The next day, perhaps in part from the excitement attending the reception of these letters, he felt himself worse, and so he con-

tinued, gradually becoming weaker, but with no other unfavorable symptom, until Saturday night, 13th, when he was seized with a diarrhœa, which before it was checked reduced him very much, and we observed that his mind began to wander. On the morning of the 14th, Sunday, calling me to his bed-side, he requested me to pray with him in behalf of our mission, placed as it had been by the overthrow of the independence of the Nestorians in a very trying situation. After I concluded my prayer he, still lying on his back, offered a short, but appropriate prayer for the same object. This was the last season of devotion in which he united; and perhaps the last hour in which his mind was so clear as to be able intelligently to pray. The whole season of about ten days which succeeded this, previous to his death, was spent in ignorance of his own state. Most of the time his mind (when he was awake) was filled with his journey, and he fancied himself to be actually on his way to America. Once he thought himself there, and could not be persuaded that the servant by him was not his absent son. Two or three times he engaged in prayer, generally for the missionary cause, and once he said he was not anxious for his sons. God would take care of the fatherless. None of these things, however, seemed to us at the time as any thing indicative of the right exercise of his mind, since they were mingled with others that clearly indicated that he knew not what he said. But it

may be, he had occasional moments when his real situation was known to himself, and that in these moments the above and similar remarks were made. However that be, you will not, my dear sir, look to them for evidence of the right estate of your brother after death. You know he was one remarkable for his self-denying devotion to the cause of his Master, and of course must have gone to be with that Master;—and now, amid his glories, shines among those clothed in white robes, who have come out of great tribulation. On this point I would say more, but time forbids. During all your brother's illness but very little time passed when either brother Laurie or myself was not by his side. We took turns watching with him, aided by natives in our employ, and we feel assured, that nothing more could have been done for him in America than was done here. Mrs. Hinsdale, who has had much sickness in her family, acted as his nurse, so far as preparing his food was concerned, and I generally administered his medicine. I mention these things that you may not labor under any wrong impression of his situation while sick. He has been so often, and for so long periods, alone in the mountains, that we might deem it a special providence that he should be brought safe out of them, and at last die in circumstances where it was possible to be well taken care of. The next day after the death of your brother, his funeral services were attended by brother Laurie and myself, all

the Franks (males) of the city being present, at the church where his remains were interred, the Jacobite Bishops and Priests, and the Nestorian Patriarch—Mar Shimon—united in conducting the service, each one reading an extract from the Scriptures, but omitting the prayers, which (they are very objectionable) are ordinarily used by them on such occasions. All the people here felt deeply interested in your brother, and when we were going through the streets to the church in procession, we heard persons crying on account of his death in the houses along the way. Mar Shimon, in speaking of his death, said, “I have lost my people in the mountains, and now my dearest friend is gone, what shall I do?” The remains of your brother are deposited in the same tomb with Rev. Mr. Hinsdale and Mrs. Laurie, and we have it in contemplation to erect over the place a suitable tombstone as soon as circumstances will allow. Before your brother was taken ill, he had written out an account of his tours in the mountains, with the expectation of publishing them on his visit to America, for the benefit of his children. The draught of the work is in some respects unfinished, but yet is in a state that it might without much labor be prepared for the press. He began also a map, which he intended to accompany it, but he did so little in arranging it, that I fear what little he did do will be lost. As, however, he had completed the rivers and branches, and had marked the site of many villages, it is pos-

sible that brother Laurie or myself may complete it. We shall do as much as possible before we send on the books, which, for want of an earlier opportunity, will probably not be until Mrs. Hinsdale leaves for America, in the fall.

There are several things about the work which need amendment, and which the Doctor intended to amend. Such changes he talked about freely with brother Laurie, and he will suggest them to any one who may be assigned to prepare and complete the work for the press. The volume or volumes he proposed to call "Life in Koordistan," and the title is very expressive of the real character of the work. About his private views respecting the origin of the Nestorians, &c., he says nothing in the present books, and I cannot but believe that every body would hail the appearance of these books at the present time, giving, as they do, a full account of the cause, progress, and result of the late wars between the Koordish chiefs and the Patriarch, which ended in the conquest of the latter's people, and in his coming to the city of Mosul, where he is at present, eating and receiving other hospitalities from the English Consul of the place. . . . . With the great pressure of duties thrown upon me by the death of your brother, and with many letters to write in all directions respecting his illness and decease, I regret that I have no more time to devote to you. Your loss in your brother is very great, especially as it will throw upon you new responsibilities with regard to his children—

but we feel that our loss is greater, and that our responsibilities are more increased by his death. As we look to God for grace to sustain and guide us, so we daily commend you to him for strength and guidance.

Should any thing occur to us hereafter, that will be of interest to you, we will not fail to communicate it. . . . .

Yours in affliction,  
AZARIAH SMITH.

The following is an extract from a communication written by Rev. Mr. Laurie to the Board, containing further particulars respecting the death of Dr. Grant.

Beirut, Oct. 30th, 1845.

While Dr. Grant was watching over the sick, and the survivors were slowly recovering, little did he think that he was doing his last work for the people that he loved; yes, LOVED. Seldom has missionary been so attached to the people for whom he labored. Many felt and acknowledged that he cared for them more than they did for themselves or for one another, and few sorrowed more over their personal bereavements than he did over the miseries of a strange people, who had conferred on him but one favor, and that the opportunity of doing them good.

The same disease that had proved so fatal among them, now laid hold of him, and his constitution was too much shattered by his missionary labors to

grapple with its power. For more than a year, so worn out had he become, from exposure and want of proper food during his journeyings among them, that scarce a week passed without its day of sickness; if it did, the attack was only the more severe in proportion to the delay. At such times, suddenly, and without any apparent cause, his stomach rejected all food, and he could only lie down and rest till his exhausted system gathered energy enough to carry it through another interval of comparative health. And so commenced his last sickness on Friday, the 5th of April, a week after the arrival of Dr. Smith, whom God seemed to have sent on purpose to minister to his dying servant. At first nothing serious was apprehended, and preparations were hurried on for his return to America with Mrs. Hinsdale. But he did not recover as usual. On Sabbath he conversed for some time on the trials through which the mission was called to pass, and especially on the need of strong confidence in God at such a time, and called on Dr. Smith to lead in devotion. Then he offered up a prayer, and—such a prayer. Nothing uncommon in the blessings sought for; nothing strange in thought or language; but uttered with such a holy fervor as gave new meaning to the most familiar words. Dr. Smith said afterwards, "it seemed as if I never knew their meaning before." Surely that simple-hearted, earnest plea of the dying missionary for the poor Nestorians was not unheard, and blessings in answer to it may yet descend upon

that ancient church. On Sabbath no one yet apprehended danger, but Monday came, and reason had fled. He was never aware that he was about to leave his earthly friends, till he found himself suddenly, as we trust, among the redeemed above. What a surprise was that ! no knowledge of pain, and danger, and death, till he looked back on them all past, and past for ever. But I anticipate.—Disconnected words and half-uttered thoughts shut out his companions from all intercourse with their dying brother. Sometimes a smile of recognition greeted their entrance into the room, but strange thoughts broke in upon his words of welcome. The hand was extended, but ere its friendly grasp was felt, the mind lost all recollection of the act. And yet there was no wildness, no passion. It was a quiet and cheerful incoherence. A smile was ever on his face, and if you did not get an answer to your inquiry, there came a happy thought on the subject at that moment before his mind. At times he was studying the comfort of the widow and the bereaved mother on her long journey to the coast. On such a time he mistook the weakness of disease for the exhaustion of a long day's journey, and asked how long he might remain there and rest. His attendant replied, "Just as long as you wish." "No," said he, "I wish just as the Lord pleases, no more. Ah, these days—I don't know—don't know—these days."

His motherless children were often in his thoughts,

"My dear children—God will take care of them—God will take care of them. God will take care of the cause in which their father is embarked." Then he would call them by name, and, as if his call was answered, invite those present to his bedside and embrace them, while he expressed his joy at a reunion—not to take place till they follow him to a better world. It was for their sakes he had resolved to return to his native land. Next to the cause of God, they were uppermost in his thoughts. The last letter he ever wrote was for them. And one, whose grave he now shares, used to remark that during his frequent illness she could never cheer and comfort him as when she expressed an interest for his children, sought to lighten his anxieties about them, and let their kind-hearted father speak of those he loved.

Sometimes he was pleading the cause of missions before the churches at home. But oftener he went back to the scene of his labors, and mingled with sympathy for the sufferers words of a kind Saviour and a heavenly Comforter; or he would again address the desolate few, daily thinned by death, in a strange city, longing for their own mountains, which many were never to see again; and free grace, and a Father's hand, and eternal mansions prepared for those that love him, were the themes of his discourse. Would that they could have heard the words as they dropped unconsciously from lips so soon to cease to speak. At other times he thought he was alone in the closet. "Jesus, my

only Saviour, my only Saviour—O my Saviour—yes, there is my Saviour—I hope in infinite mercy through Christ my only Saviour,”—were the words in which he expressed his hope of heaven; not of wanderings, and perils, and deaths, often braved for Christ’s sake, did he speak. No word of worthiness, but a precious atonement revealing infinite mercy for the lost, was the object round which gathered his thoughts when loose from all control, as to an accustomed theme—a theme they loved. And so he lay for seventeen days. The same smile on his wasting features, no murmur, no repining. He knew not how all classes sympathized with him; he who had loved all, and sought to do them good. And we knew not that he had suffered pain till his lifeless form revealed the seat of suffering. And when he died, though his associates watched anxiously for a little interval of reason before he left them, that they might inquire of his state and speak of Jesus, there came none. And they could not tell whether the smile that brightened up his features at the close was still unmeaning, or if it told of the entering into the joy of his Lord. So he died. He had passed through many dangers. Death had often stared him in the face, and as often had he pressed on calmly; for he trusted in Him at whose bidding he braved them all. That Being—God—preserved him through all, and now, from amidst his friends, took him to himself in a time of peace. We may rejoice that he was not cut off in the mountains, lest any should have thought that

God disappointed the soul that trusted in Him, or some future missionary shrink back when called like him to hate even his own life for Jesus' sake. We may be comforted, too, that he did not die at home; for the grief of his aged mother and the weeping of his children could not have borne such a testimony to the power of a holy life, as did the tears of a rough Turkish Governor, and the sorrow of a people, who, though taught to think evil of him, and stand aloof from him while living, yet could neither restrain their sobs nor their commendations as they crowded round his grave. Let us thank God that his body lies among them, a speaking testimony to the truths he inculcated. Let it remind them of his life, and the blessed Bible, that source of all that was good in that life, and his spirit may look down on the good it sought to accomplish, still going on in a region that seems now left out of the field of missionary effort.

Do any repine because no voice from his death-bed told us how he felt in view of dissolution? and how his Saviour sustained him and blessed him? Do any murmur because so many of their missionaries in Mosul were called away, all—all unable to tell us their views of the missionary work as they viewed it from the gate of heaven? Let us rather thank God that their lives have not left us dependent on the comfort of a death-bed testimony. And yet they did leave a testimony affording more than common comfort. We expect that the dying believer, if reason be spared, will speak of the

Saviour, and the rest that awaits him. But when reason is dethroned, and spiritual thoughts and desires still shine out upon us from the revealed depths of the soul—when the mind though wandering still wanders to the cross—when the inquiry of an affectionate companion, “What can I do for you? Is there any thing you want?” unexpectedly brings back the reply, “I want that the will of my Heavenly Father should be done. O yes, I want that!” as was the case with Mr. Hinsdale in his delirium. Or when Dr. Grant replies to the same inquiry,—“Pardon through Christ; thou, my Saviour, art my only hope.” Or when, in her mortal agony, the meek sufferer exclaims, “O how much more mercy than I deserve! O the peace of confiding in God!” What more of comfort can we ask? Such words come unbidden, unstudied. The soul did not mean to utter them; but its hidden emotions flash out upon us, moving the lips, not through the will, but by their own intensity; we look on the deep, secret bias of the heart, and, as we treasure up the precious words, we feel that no influence here led the dying one to misjudge himself. It was no kind attempt to comfort us, but the outflowing of emotion that even delirium could not repress. We may mourn that we were not recognized, and no last message left for us; but we rejoice that the pang of separation was unknown. We love to think of the heaven that broke suddenly on the ransomed spirit, wondering how it came there, and what can mean such bliss. What bliss?—Ah! who can

tell ? Human thoughts cannot enter whither they are gone.

There is one fact in the protracted delirium of Dr. Grant that deserves our attention. Though almost constantly speaking on a great variety of topics in three different languages, i. e. the English, Turkish, and Nestorian, he did not utter a single word he would have wished to recall, had he the full possession of his reason. His associates looked in at the opened doors of the secret chambers of his heart, and wondered that nothing appeared they would have wished to conceal. Was this no testimony to the work of grace in his heart ?

You may perhaps expect me to say something of the character of Dr. Grant. But I leave that to others better qualified for the task. You will find most who had the privilege of his acquaintance better fitted to dwell with delight on his excellencies than to take a dispassionate survey and make an accurate delineation of his character. That is best learned from the record of his actions.

We find some consolation in the fact that Dr. Grant did not live to see the removal of the mission from Mosul, and the giving up for the present all attempts to enter the mountains from their western border. It was well that, after all he had done, he first looked down on that scene from amid the light of heaven.

It was on the 22d of October, 1844, that his surviving associates, seeing no prospect of being able to resume operations in the mountains for some

time to come, left what had been indeed a scene of trial, yet endeared by the tenderest associations. Eight missionaries had gone there, hoping to be allowed to do much for that interesting people. Of that eight, three only lived to return. The others had rested from their labors. One was cut down ere he reached the field of action, and no stone points out the resting place of Mr. Mitchell in the graveyard of Telabell. His companion was shortly after buried by strangers in the Chaldean cemetery at Mosul, before Rome had dared to teach them to deny a grave to the stranger not of her communion. The rest repose in one tomb in the court of the Jacobite Church. The mission had met with many reverses. Perhaps few in so short a time ever experienced so many. Its beginning was full of promise. The church was looking for immediate and glorious results, but in little more than three years she saw her surviving missionaries leaving that once promising field a frightful desolation. Two of them mourned the loss of their dearest friends. The widow left behind her the graves of her husband and her children, and yet their thoughts were not all sad. One soul—there might be more—but at least one soul they trusted had been brought to love the Saviour; and as they thought of the eternal bliss of that one soul, and the good that he might be the means of before entering on that bliss, they felt that that reward was more than enough for all they had endured. They left the graves of their dearest friends, but

they left them perpetual memorials of the truths they had taught, and they thanked God that the lives of the departed had been so imbued with the spirit of those truths.

They had found evangelical religion in Mosul associated in the minds of the people with infidelity and crime. These slanders of its enemies had been silenced. Inquiring minds henceforward shall know that they are not alone in their dissent from error, and their loathing of a dead religion. The Bible has been left to witness for its Author, and point the lost to the one Redeemer. Future reformers shall be emboldened by the knowledge that so large a part of Christendom has gone before, and beckons them on in their blessed but arduous work. God only knows the results that may hereafter spring up from the bread now cast upon the waters. It was done at his command, and he will bless when and how he seeth best.

It was some service to truth to have been the occasion of such a revelation of the hideousness of error. And if the church has learned from its missionary experience there, but one lesson in the vanity of confidence in all save God, the mission there did not exist in vain; the sufferings of the missionaries shall not have been for naught. If ever they are allowed to join the company of sinners saved by grace, they will not then mourn that they suffered, but that they were not counted worthy to suffer more in the cause of the blessed Redeemer.

Well may we exclaim with the Psalmist, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

He was truly a *godly man*. He had imitated his Lord and Master Jesus Christ, in sacrificing all for the salvation of men, from love to the Father of all, and the souls of benighted nations. He seemed to be largely and peculiarly endowed with the spirit of Christ—the spirit of meekness, devotion, and benevolence—the spirit of holiness. Godliness eminently characterized him, and shaped all the designs and doings of his eventful and useful life.

He was truly *faithful* to all the important interests, and in the great work intrusted to him. He was ever at his post, amid dangers, difficulties and discouragements, fearlessly and faithfully toiling where many a noble heart would have despaired, and many a stout hand would have been overpowered. Long did he toil in the midst of hardships almost beyond human endurance; with a spirit of fearlessness and faithfulness far more noble than that which fires the breast of the military hero, or popular patriot or philanthropist. His was a holy, godlike heroism, that would conquer the world with the weapons of heavenly truth and Christian love. He would destroy the enmity of the carnal heart toward a merciful God, and fill it with love to Him.

An inscrutable Providence permitted the destruction of that beloved people to whom Dr. Grant had

consecrated his energies and life. They perished, as did the Waldenses, in their weakness, defencelessness and innocence, at the hands of powerful, cruel and bloody men. The spark of true devotion, that seemed destined to inflame, illumine, and melt the cold and dark mountains of Kurdistan, which Dr. Grant had been instrumental of enkindling in the hearts of some Nestorians there, was quenched, by the smothering tread of the haughty and bloody Koords, that swept through the mountains like a tornado, leaving behind them nothing but devastation and death, flowing with the life-blood of the unhappy people, who perished at the hands of their enemies.

Oh ! who felt more keenly the destruction of that people, than he who had devoted his labors and life to them, who had set his whole heart upon them, and had stretched out his hands for them that he might save them ? Though his heart, which had often been rent at numerous and great afflictions, now bled at every pore, yet the grace of Christ sustained him in this, the sorest and most heart-rending of all his afflictions. As the wandering and weary bird returns to the nest where it was fondly reared, to rest from its weariness, so his heart prompted him to return to the home of his childhood—to his mother's breast—there to unbosom itself, and find repose from its weariness, and comfort for its sorrows. As his dear children had again needed his watchful care, and as he much desired to see and counsel them, and provide for them

a home, of which they were again destitute, he sighed for a return to his native land. His way had become hedged up, his people destroyed, and his labors finished ; and being no longer needed in the field to which he had been assigned, and to which he had devoted himself, he had requested and obtained leave of the Board to return to his dear native land, his home and friends. But just on the eve of his departure, he was called to that better land, to that sweeter home,

“ Where his best friends and kindred dwell.”

During his sickness, when reason swayed her sceptre, how was his soul poured out in prayer for the remnant of his people, and the children of his love ! None but the Searcher of hearts knows how deep were the yearnings of his burdened spirit in those lucid intervals during the weary days of his last sickness. Ah ! when reason was dethroned, and that mind, so well balanced and disciplined, was left to wander in wild delirium, how did his thoughts dwell upon his dear children ! The records of those periods, so simply and plainly written, are truly affecting. They reveal the workings of a great mind, and the tenderness of a warm heart.

He has gone ! He has failed from the children of men—but triumphs among the children of God, through the grace of Christ.

Rest, weary pilgrim, rest,  
In thy sweet home above,

Among the hosts of all the blest,  
Where all is joy and love !  
God saw thy trials and thy tears,  
And gives thee rest beyond the spheres !

It was his cherished design, as will be remembered, to provide for his children, and then to return and labor in the missionary field, whenever the providence of God should open the way. But his heavenly Father, we trust, has given him a mansion of rest in the Eden of love.

Is it not important that his unpublished work, the “Life in Kurdistan” of such a man, Christian, and missionary as Dr. Grant, should be published forthwith, that his works may follow him, exerting a holy influence, prompting other hearts like his to enter on the same work, and that he may still live in the labors of those who may come after him ? It is exceedingly desirable that some one or more of his numerous friends, who have the means and qualifications requisite, should obtain and complete the work, and publish it, for the benefit of the missionary cause.

### CONCLUSION.

The peculiarly distinguished traits in the character of Dr. Grant, are worthy of special record ; and it is regarded as not by any means improper or unprofitable, to endeavor to portray and contemplate the lineaments of that character separately from the detail of the events of his life.

Dr. Grant, in his person, was about the usual size and stature. His form was erect and graceful ; He had a fine large black eye, a good manly complexion, very regular features, an elevated and expanded forehead, shaded with dark locks, and a dignified and gentlemanly aspect, that gave him a very engaging and commanding appearance. His voice was deep, soft, capacious, and musical, and his utterance very clear, distinct, and deliberate. He was one of nature's noblemen, formed for noble deeds. But the characteristics of his mind were more marked and distinguished. These have been developed in the progress of the preceding memoir. Let us contemplate, briefly, the traits of his character as they were developed in the course of his distinguished career.

*His natural aimableness* was manifest in early infancy. He was what is called a very good-tempered child. By this it is not designed to intimate that he was not naturally depraved, for this cannot be said of any son or daughter of Adam. But there are different degrees of human depravity. Some children seem to be what is termed ill-natured, bad-tempered, and ungovernable. This could not be said of Dr. Grant in his childhood, or at any period in his life. The dispositions of children depend very much upon the temperament and habits of parents, as well as early training and influences. However, it is not always the case that children absolutely inherit the peculiar dispositions of the parents. Be

that as it may, Dr. Grant ever manifested a sweet temper in all the relations of life, and it ever required severe provocations to awaken his angry passions. Of these he was susceptible, as are all rational creatures, in this world at least.

*His early submission to parental authority,* was another marked feature that moulded his character to that symmetry and beauty that illustrated his brilliant career.

It is exceedingly important that children be early and wholly subdued. If they are, they will require but little or no corporeal punishment in after life. A word or a look from a kind but consistent parent will ever awe into submission. And it has often been instrumental in the salvation of children.

They who have learned to obey an earthly parent, will be more likely to revere the authority and obey the requirements of our heavenly Parent. We have reason to believe this was true of Dr. Grant.

*His power of self-government* was undoubtedly a fruit of his submission to parental authority, and early manifested itself.

Though possessed with what is called a quick temper, yet that temper he had learned to control. The will is given us for the government of the passions, according to the dictates of conscience, truth, and duty; but too often the evil passions of the human heart gain the mastery of the will. The career of Dr. Grant from early life illustrated the truth and beauty of the proverb, "He that ruleth

his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." When his work on the Nestorians was severely, and as he thought hypercritically, reviewed, he was tempted to make a severe retort on his reviewers; but he restrained himself, not through fear, but prudence. It has been regretted that he did not answer those that criticised him so unmercifully, as it is believed by many that he had abundant proofs to substantiate his positions, and refute those of his reviewers, but, like the Master whom he served "he answered them nothing."

*His superior natural talents* early developed themselves, by his grasping and appropriating the thoughts of others. He could acquire knowledge readily, and his memory was quick and retentive. He had an inquiring mind, and found more pleasure in thinking, reading and writing, than in the sports common to the days of childhood.

*His long continued habits of close application to study*, exhibited and matured his superior natural talents. Often what is styled an early Genius is spoiled for want of application to study; while a child of ordinary talents, by diligence in application, ascends by slow gradations the hill of science, and outstrips in the end the vagrant flights of Genius.

But talents like those of Dr. Grant, early, faithfully and continually cultivated, will be sure to develope themselves in great accomplishments. When we consider his early advantages, it is surprising that he produced such a work as that of his on the "Nestorians"—that his letters should con-

tain such manifestations of powerful intellect, and they make us anxious to see his "Life in Kurdistan." But when we learn the secret of that greatness—his habits of study from childhood, we cease to wonder. How worthy of imitation by the young, if they would be of use to the world !

*His warm social affections* made him a kind friend, a lovely companion, a darling son, a fond father, as is fully illustrated in his memoir.

*His piety was developed, his faith tried, and his whole soul elevated from the things of the world, by his many and great afflictions.* They seemed to be sanctified to his spiritual good. Companions, children, and other near and dear kindred were torn from his fond heart, only to fix that heart more on heavenly things.

*He seemed disposed, by divine grace, to consider and follow the leadings of divine Providence, and to devote his life to the cause of missions,* for which he was so eminently qualified. The death of his first wife broke up his family, and the endearments of the domestic circle, in a great measure, were unknown to him, when God convened the mission council at Utica. called his attention to it, and there inquired for a missionary physician for the Nestorians. Dr. Grant heard it, and, overwhelmed with emotion, was constrained to exclaim, "Here am I, send me."

*His sensibility to kindness, and gratitude for favors,* are seen in all his letters. In these respects he showed himself the true Christian gentleman.

*His love to his children* was illustrated in the peculiarly trying circumstances in which they were placed. Their wants, and his affection and anxiety for them, embarrassed him during his whole missionary life. None but a fond father like him, and in his circumstances, can realize fully his severe trials.

*He was possessed of a remarkable faculty for pleasing and instructing the young.* This is developed in his letters to his children. The language is not only simple and plain, adapted to the capacity of children, but it is dignified, not childish ; and the ideas are such as would please and instruct the youthful mind. Had he lived, and had his attention turned to writing a work on missions for the young, it would have been undoubtedly attractive and instructive to children. He manifested also great *intrepidity* and *self-possession* in the hour of *danger*. He could travel by night and by day in the midst of bloody Koordish robbers, could see the death-dealing blade of the assassin with coolness. Perhaps it was faith in God that nerved him at such times, though we think there was a native courage and fearlessness that sustained him in part, but faith made him more fearless as well as prudent.

*Hope amid many discouragements* was also exhibited in his missionary labors. Few men ever labored in the midst of greater difficulties, dangers and discouragements, and yet few men had brighter hopes, or stronger faith in God. This statement is borne out by the memoir which precedes. His

*writings possess a charm* for all readers, and especially for pious persons, on account of the sweet spirit of piety they breathe.

The *ease with which he despatched a vast amount and variety of business*, is truly astonishing. He was almost continually travelling, administering medicine to the sick, attending to his daily task as instructor. His varied reading, extensive correspondence, the composition of his literary productions, would seem to require as many men, and yet he accomplished all this alone !

Truly a great man has fallen in Israel ! When shall we see his like again ? How much might he have accomplished during a long life ! Verily he *has* done what it would have required an ordinary life to do. His work is done, and well done ! He has accomplished his mission on earth, and has now gone, we trust, to receive a blessed and eternal reward in heaven !

## APPEAL TO PIOUS PHYSICIANS.

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The succeeding appeal is still demanded, from the fact stated in connection with the return of Rev. Dr. Scudder to his field of labor, that not a physician can now be found who will go out a missionary to foreign lands. It was written by Dr. Grant in compliance with a request presented by a meeting of missionaries convened at Constantinople, December 27, 1836.

Ooroomiah, Persia, March, 1837.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I have often thought of addressing you upon the vital importance of well qualified physicians entering the missionary service; but the pressing duties of my station, together with a sense of incompetence to the undertaking, had prevented my entering upon it, when I received the request of the meeting of missionaries at Constantinople.

It is a subject upon which I have long felt the deepest interest; and the circumstances into which I have been thrown by the providence of God, have been such as greatly to strengthen my convictions of the importance of having those in every missionary field, who shall be able to "heal the sick," as well as "preach the kingdom of God"—some who shall especially exemplify the spirit of Him who *went about healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people*. No one ever knew the

human heart better than our blessed Saviour ; and no one was ever more ready to take advantage of the fact that, the most ready way of access to the heart, is, to relieve the sufferings of the body. Mankind are ever ready to listen to one who gives palpable demonstration of the benevolence of his motives. Hence we find, that, immediately subsequent to a wonderful display of Christ's healing power, he was followed by great multitudes, from all parts of Syria, who listened to his memorable Sermon on the Mount. And it was the healing of the lame man in the temple, by Peter and John, that gave occasion to Peter's powerful discourse, which resulted in a revival second in interest only to that of Pentecost. When Christ sent forth the first missionaries, his twelve apostles, we find them, in obedience to his command, *healing every where*, as well as preaching the gospel. To the seventy also, his second missionary band, he gave instruction, that they should *heal the sick*, in whatever city they were received.

If we have not the miraculous gifts of healing, which were possessed by the apostles and primitive disciples of Christ, our acquired abilities are no less needed. The heart of man is the same now as it was in the days of our Saviour. He is still subject to pain and disease—still grateful for relief—and that servant of God, who, by his ability to relieve his sufferings has a key to the heart, possesses a talent which is greatly needed in the missionary field.

It is perhaps not generally known, that, in these countries at least, one of the greatest difficulties with which a missionary has to contend, is, a want of ready access to the people, under circumstances favorable for imparting religious instruction. The Mohammedans, ever jealous for the religion of their prophet, have lost none of their hatred of Christianity ; and the nominal Christians, if we except the Nestorians, are little less fearful of the diffusion of the pure light of the gospel. The customs of society are also unfavorable to free social intercourse ; and the missionary, unless providentially introduced to

those around him, may remain for years a stranger to his nearest neighbors, and be liable to exert little of that influence which a familiar acquaintance would enable him to do. The *physician*, at all times less an object of suspicion than a clergyman, is continually brought in contact with the people. Rich and poor from all quarters flock around him by scores and hundreds, to obtain relief for themselves or their friends. The hovel of the beggar, and the palace of the prince are alike thrown open to him—and even the harem of the ladies, where a man's own brother may not enter, is not too sacred for the feet of the infidel Christian, when he enters as an angel of mercy, to administer relief to the sick or dying inmates. In the language of another,—“He is welcomed as if he were carrying to the dying lip water from the fountain of youth, or the elixir of immortality.”

Thus he has a thousand opportunities to address the conscience and heart, when most susceptible of serious impressions; and of recommending the religion of Jesus, when no one else could do it. But his influence does not end here. Where he is received he may introduce his missionary brethren; and by enlarging the sphere of their influence, he may, indirectly, accomplish an amount of good which the records of eternity alone can disclose.

During the few weeks that I spent at Constantinople, I was called to prescribe in many families of rank and influence; and was always accompanied by some of the missionaries, who were enabled to form a most friendly acquaintance with the people. Among these invitations was one to visit one of the richest of the Armenian bankers. He is at the head of their schools, and probably second in influence to no man in his nation. Messrs. Goodell and Dwight, who accompanied me, aware of the importance of conciliating such a man, had, for a long time, sought, in vain, to form his acquaintance. Being a great man he was not to be approached without ceremony; but having been once introduced to him, and par-

taken of his hospitality, they might visit him at pleasure. He, and many others, were anxious that I should remain there; and the native converts assured me that a skillful physician could exert three times as much influence as a clergyman among the people. The Rev. Mr. Brewer, who possessed but a limited knowledge of the healing art, in speaking of his labors at Constantinople, and in the vicinity, says, "By visiting as a physician, I have also formed acquaintances, disarmed prejudices, and secured the confidence and attachment of the people, to an extent which it might in any other way have taken years to accomplish." The Rev. J. L. Merrick says, a physician is very much needed at Constantinople, "for the purpose of promoting the cause of truth and human happiness;" and for "the moral influence which a skillful pious physician would here exert." In asking for a missionary for the Turks of Broosa, he writes,—"Medical skill would immediately give him access to every family, from the pasha to the poorest peasant there. Opportunities for inculcating religious truth would continually offer in the course of his practice. Where bigoted superstition exists it would be far less likely to take alarm at truth presented by a physician."

In Syria, where two or three physicians are this moment needed, all the arguments hold good which apply to any of these countries. In a joint letter written some years ago, the missionaries there, in pleading for a physician, say,—"He would probably do much, very much, towards securing protection and fayor to the mission. He would have rare opportunities to acquire information about the opinions and customs of the people, and he would gain access to many individuals and families where another missionary could not go."

When at Trebizond, I found the prejudice against Europeans so great, that even the property of the English Consul had been destroyed; and one missionary, Mr. Johnston, had experienced much difficulty in obtaining a residence. But it was univer-

sally believed that a physician would be welcomed by all classes ; and might do much to disarm prejudice, and open a free intercourse with the people. Mr. Johnston, after speaking of the jealousy with which he was viewed by the people, and the difficulty of gaining a hearing, writes to the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M.,—" I would have tried to detain Doct. Grant here this winter, for the sake of getting myself introduced to a large acquaintance, and sphere of usefulness, had not his labors been so much needed at Ooroomiah."—" You have probably heard how much Doct. Grant's services were sought after at Constantinople, and how much he contributed by his short stay there to enlarge the influence of the mission ; and that, too, when there is no want of European physicians there. But neither here nor anywhere between Constantinople and Tabreez is there a single well educated physician within my knowledge.—I think a physician would be the best pioneer that we could send to open new doors for missionary labor in the adjoining parts of Asia Minor. If a missionary should go alone into one of these cities where the inhabitants are unaccustomed to the sight of Europeans, he would encounter a formidable array of prejudice from both Mohammedans and Christians, and it is doubtful whether his stay would be tolerated. There is certainly no character in which a missionary could go that would be more acceptable and conciliatory than that of a physician."

Physicians, of suitable qualifications, are the best agents to conduct exploring missions ; as a knowledge of medicine is often the greatest safeguard to a traveller among savage and barbarous nations. Two German missionaries of my acquaintance, who travelled into Kurdistan, took with them a supply of medicines, and were well received as physicians. A Kurdish *bey*, whom I visited at his castle in the mountains, assured me that I might visit the most dangerous strongholds of these lawless banditti in safety, by making myself known as a physician. This testimony is corroborated by that of a brother of

the Nestorian Patriarch, who is here on a visit from the heart of the Kurdish country. However this may be, it is certain that I have been able to cultivate a friendly acquaintance with many Kurdish chiefs from various parts of their country, even to the waters of the Euphrates.

Pious physicians are needed among the Mohammedans of Persia. Mr. Merrick has long been looking for one to aid in his exploring mission, and other doors are opening. We lately received a request from an Armenian deacon, who is at the head of a school lately opened by an uncle of the king, requesting a physician, who should assist in the school and practise in his profession.

How far our profession has been instrumental in introducing this mission to its extensive acquaintance, and friendly, familiar intercourse with the people, I will not attempt to say. Let it suffice, that, among the thousands who have received medical aid, are many persons of the highest rank, and greatest influence, including two princes, and the families of the governor and high moolahs. Often has my heart been affected as I have heard the bigoted Mussulmans implore blessings to rest upon me, and thank God that I would not refuse medicine to those of their religion—and then seen them try to evince their gratitude, by bowing down to kiss my feet or the floor on which I stood.

While a minister of the gospel has to toil hard for months, and even years, to acquire the language before he can enter fully upon his appropriate labors, a physician may learn enough in a few weeks to make himself extensively useful in his profession. Continual conversation with patients from all classes of the people, affords the greatest aid in the acquisition of the language. Within a year from my arrival in Ooroomiah, I prescribed for about ten thousand patients, and performed the operation for cataract more than fifty times. If there were no other object than to relieve the sufferings of the sick and dying, feelings of humanity should prompt us to come for-

ward to this interesting work. But when we look forward to the influence which the faithful pious physician may hope to exert, in saving them from the endless pains of the second death, the motive is one of the highest that infinite wisdom could present.

Other fields are no less interesting, and demand all the energies of the most active physician. Doct. Scudder, in speaking of the importance of physicians entering the missionary service, and the influence they may acquire with the people, says,—“ When they have seen me amputate or heard of my amputating limbs, performing the operation for cataract, tapping in dropsy, &c., they have called me the god of this world, a worker of miracles, &c. In point of miraculous powers they have said that I have borne away the palm from their great idol Corduswammy.”

Doct. Bradley of Siam, who is engaged in a large practice, with which religious instruction is united, says, “ Many a time there were large audiences of attentive hearers, which, on the part of the missionaries, was a powerful excitement to prayer, hope, and effort.”

The Rev. Mr. Abeel, whose experience and extensive observation give great value to his testimony, says of pious physicians,—“ They have the best passport to the dwellings and hearts of the heathen—they possess a magnet whose attraction gathers crowds, and reaches to places where we can never penetrate.—Patients feel themselves under obligations, and are disposed to comply with any methods which may be devised for their spiritual benefit. Congregations have been thus formed, books widely distributed, instrumentality increased, and souls saved; besides, the perishing have been rescued from death, the suffering relieved, and the hearts of those who would have been widowed and fatherless, made to sing for joy.”

You all know what an influence the medical knowledge of Gutzlaff had, in introducing him into China. His prescriptions for “ the sick who came in crowds from all quarters,” afforded him many “ opportunities

of proving his friendly intentions," and called forth pleasing tokens of gratitude in return.

Doct. Parker, too, who is so successfully exerting his skill, and restoring sight to many of the blind, is thus doing much to break down the wall of prejudice which has so long surrounded that vast empire, and prepare the way for the spread of the gospel among its three hundred millions of immortal souls. His success, and the probable consequences, are such as to call up the attention of secular men.

But there is another part of our subject which appeals to our warmest sympathies, and calls loudly for many more of our number to enter the missionary field. We are needed to preserve the health and lives of other missionaries. That many of these precious lives are greatly exposed, for the want of medical aid, is but too true; and it is to be feared that numbers have sunk to an untimely grave, who might have been saved, if the services of a skillful physician could have been commanded. Under such circumstances, no wonder that we hear one of them say, "If I had a voice like thunder, I would stand upon the grave of my wife, and make it heard all over America." Had I been a missionary destitute of medical knowledge, instead of a physician, in all probability the thousands of perishing sinners around us would have been left to throng the dark road to perdition, with none to point them to the Lamb of God, or turn their feet to the paths of life.—The last summer was an unusually sickly season here, and we all suffered much from fevers. Our wives had repeated and violent attacks; and Mr. Perkins was brought so low that for three days he lay in a comatose state, with subsultus, and other alarming symptoms, which demanded the most efficient remedies. At the same time, his little son was seized so violently with croup, that more than once he appeared to be in his last struggles. Scarcely were they out of danger, when an attack of that scourge of Asia, the *cholera*, convulsed my whole system, and laid me, cold, and almost speechless, at the gates of death. In none of

these cases could we have trusted in native physicians; and we cannot but feel that it is to the blessing of God upon means which are only at the command of our profession that we owe the continuance of our lives. Must others who have not these means at command, be left to sink under complaints which might be relieved, if pious physicians would come forward to the work? Shall we suffer the few luminaries which are beginning to shed a radiance upon the midnight darkness which has for centuries enshrouded six hundred millions of our fellow-men, to be extinguished through our neglect?—Will you turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of your brethren in foreign lands, who are sinking under burdens which you alone can sustain, and pointing to doors of usefulness which you alone can enter?—Will you refuse to heed the cries of the millions who are going down to a hopeless grave, and the awards of an awful eternity—and that under circumstances of temporal misery, which, in the language of one of our number, “If there were no hereafter, would be worth all the exertions of the Christian church to remedy.”

In the United States there are about twenty thousand physicians, and more than two thousand young men in our medical schools. A thousand at least, enter the profession every year, while it is full and overflowing. How many of these are professedly pious, I have no means of knowing accurately; but judging from the proportion among all classes who have arrived at manhood, I think the number can not be less than four or five thousand. Deduct any reasonable proportion of these, as being in circumstances, beyond their control, which forbid their entering the missionary field, and yet there remain some hundreds who ought to stand ready to enter upon this great work, wherever doors in the providence of God are open. How then shall we account for the fact, that so few of our profession respond to the call which comes on every breeze, from the four quarters of the globe, and the isles of the ocean, “Come over and help us.”

Last year the American Board, alone, named specific stations, where eighty-two physicians might be employed, if they could find the men. Other societies would no doubt find labor for a proportionate number; but how small a fraction of them can be obtained. For more than a year, the call went through the length and breadth of our land, for a single physician, for this most interesting station, and the inquiry was earnestly made, "*Why is there such a reluctance, in medical men, to become missionaries?*" I know not why this reluctance exists, unless it be, that they have not looked at the subject in its true light. Either they have not examined it seriously, as a matter in which they are personally interested, or they have taken up with untenable excuses. Many of you have fair prospects, or are established in extensive business—your social relations render it difficult to tear away from home, and perhaps you are in doubt whether you can do more good elsewhere. These and similar excuses satisfy most of the few who look at the subject at all, and three-fourths of our fellow-men are left in unmitigated wretchedness in this world, and to suffer the torments of the lost for ever. As I cannot so well expose the fallacy of such reasoning, in any other way, I will relate a case taken from real life, in which I can vouch for the facts.

A young physician, who had an extensive and increasing practice in one of our most flourishing cities, had thought much of the duty of engaging in the missionary work; but as often as he made it a subject of serious personal application, he dismissed it with the conviction that there were so many obstacles in the way in his case, that, however much he regretted that the laborers were so few, he could not go upon a foreign mission. *Others* who were better qualified, and had far less to detain them at home, were to be found; and it was their duty to become missionaries. But they came not forward to the work—the cry for help was urgent—and what was to be done? He prayed over the subject, and resolved to

make a more thorough examination of personal duty. He took up his former excuses, examined them separately, and by a process of reasoning, of which the following is an abstract, came to the decision to devote himself at once to the missionary enterprise.

"Am I most *needed* at home, or in foreign lands, to promote the great work of the world's conversion?

"Here I have many opportunities to relieve a great amount of human suffering and perhaps to save valuable lives.—But were I gone, other physicians might do it as well, and therefore I am not greatly needed for my professional services. In the missionary field, I may relieve a hundred-fold greater amount of human misery, and perhaps be instrumental of saving the lives of some of our missionaries, which are of inestimable value to the church and the heathen world—and that, too, when no one else would do it.

"In the practice of my profession here, I have many opportunities for recommending the religion of Jesus, and advancing his cause. But what are these, in comparison with those in Mohammedan or heathen lands, where I may be the only spiritual guide to thousands, who could never be reached by another missionary?

"If I remain here and my business continues to prosper, I can give liberally to the support of missions, and may labor for the heathen by proxy. But money will never do the work alone; and *laborers*—especially those from the medical profession, are not to be found in any thing like adequate numbers—while there are millions of wealth in the church.

"As an officer in a large and influential church, and various religious and benevolent societies, I have opportunities to exert an important influence; and many of my brethren think I ought not to leave such a field of usefulness for one of uncertainty.—But do I not know, that these churches, which send forth the most laborers, and do most for the heathen, are most blessed by the spirit of God? And can I not do most for Christian benevolence at home, by going

forth to labor among those who are sitting in darkness?

"But there are other ties which cling close around the heart, and entwine with the tenderest feelings of nature; and how shall they be severed? How shall my parents, in their declining years, give the last parting hand to their son? How shall my sister and brothers say farewell to the companion of their childhood and youth? Nay more,—how shall I leave my two little sons, in this cold unfriendly world?—So far as mere *feeling* is concerned in these questions—although it may penetrate the deepest recesses of the soul, it should never turn the Christian from the path of duty. My parents are not dependent upon me—my becoming a missionary may be the greatest blessing to my brothers and sister—and what can I do for my children which will not be done if I am gone? The only intrinsic good which can be done for a child, is, to prepare him for the greatest usefulness in this world, and the enjoyment of God in heaven. For this the means and the agents can be provided; and superadded will be a parent's example, to turn their attention to the great work which it will ever be his most earnest prayer that they may be qualified to enter. If God calls me to leave them for his service, he will take care of them.

"It may be the duty of *others* to go in my stead—but would I let my neighbor perish with hunger, because it was the duty of his rich brother to feed him?—No more can I let the millions who are famishing for the bread of life, perish in their sins, because others neglect their duty, while God enables me to put forth a helping hand,—I cannot—I dare not go up to the judgment, till I have put forth all the energies of body and soul which God has given me, to diffuse his glory through the earth."

That young physician is the one who now addresses you, and if one lingering doubt remained, whether I was in the path of duty, it was dissipated as I landed upon the shores of Asia, and saw what whitening fields were open for the missionary physician, to

gather a rich harvest of souls, and not another to labor in all these regions.

Are you undecided to come forward to this glorious work? Go to Calvary—estimate the price with which Jesus purchased you for his service; and as your hearts kindle with sacred love, ascend some lofty eminence, where you can survey the plenteous harvest, and see how few are the laborers, and then decide whether your excuses are such as will stand the scrutiny of the last great day, to which you and the heathen are alike hastening. In this enterprise there is scope for the exercise of your noblest powers, and your best feelings of philanthropy; and if faithful to your trust you may experience higher, holier joys, than all the wealth and honors of earth can afford. What though your heart bleed as you break the ties that bind you to home and native land—what though your fare be coarse and your bed hard, as you climb the cold mountain's top, or pursue your way over burning plains—and no friendly hand be nigh to smooth your dying pillow?—Will not your songs be louder, and sweeter, in yonder world of bliss, as you remember it was for Heaven's King you suffered. What greater honor—what higher privilege could be bestowed, than to permit you to become co-workers with him in the great work of a world's salvation? How can you become more like the first great missionary, the Lord Jesus, who came with healing mercies for body and soul?

Come forward to the work, I beseech you, deciding to live wholly for God. Let the entreaties of your brethren, the cries of a perishing world, and the commands of Christ, prevail. Undying interests are pending upon your decision; and deeply must it affect your happiness through all eternity, and it may be, the happiness of generations yet unborn—yea, the happiness of the whole universe of God. Continue where you are, and the unevangelized nations may continue to people the regions of despair; and the name of Jesus be despised and contemned. Come up to this glorious work, and you will hasten

the day of millennial glory—fill heaven with songs of praise, and earth with peace and blessedness—and having turned many to righteousness, shine as the stars for ever and ever.

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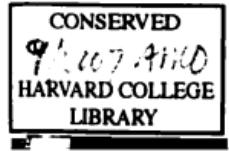














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